RAW

$5.00 Overestimates the Taste of the Canadian Public: $6.50

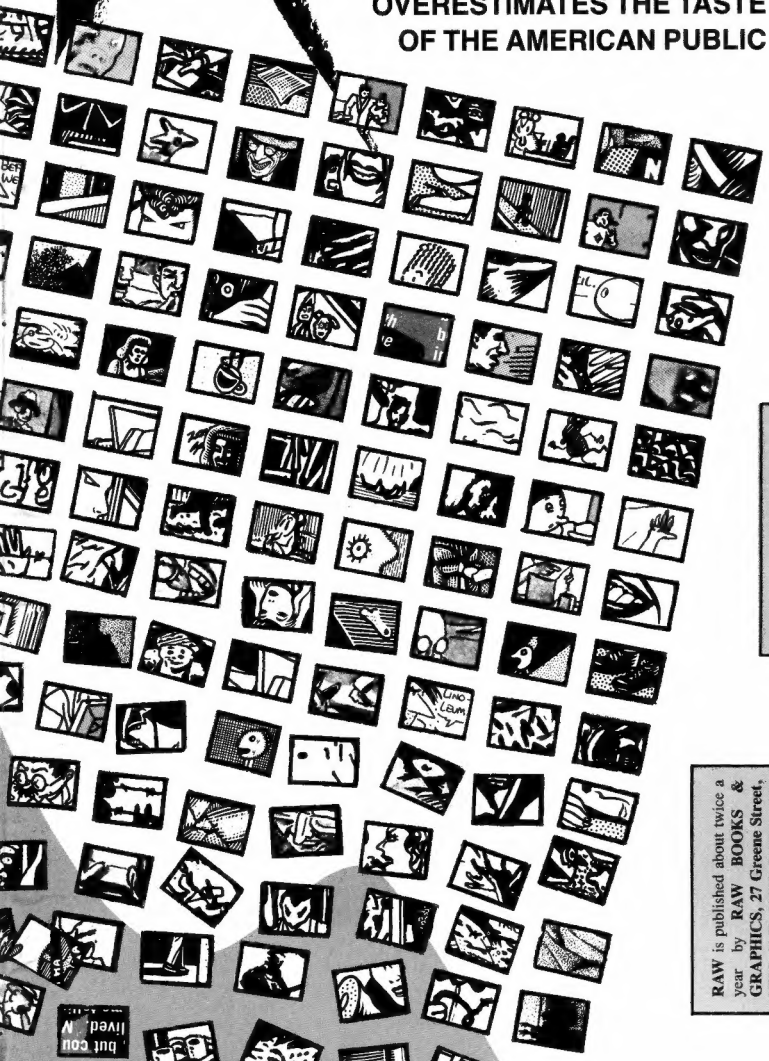
NUMBER SIX

THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE THAT OVERESTIMATES THE TASTE OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

Bolsheviks Returning Home After a Demonstration, Komar & Melamid, 1981-82.
Courtesy Ronald Feldman Fine Arts. Photo: D. James Dee.

Raw 6

THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE THAT OVERESTIMATES THE TASTE OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC



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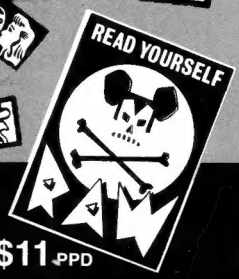

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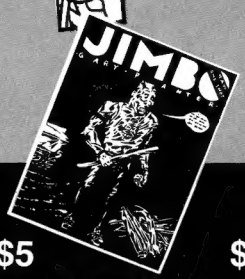

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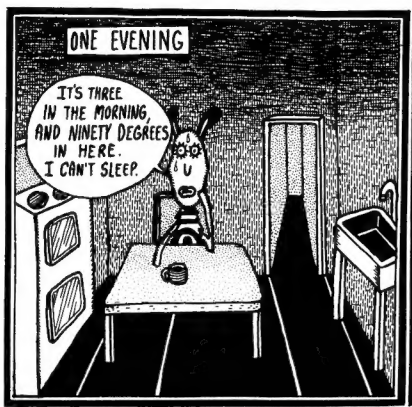
design: Françoise Mouly

NOTHING

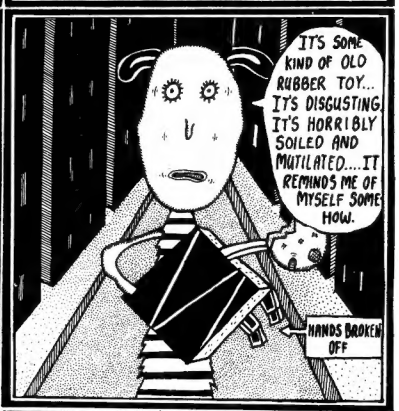

ONE EVENING
IT'S THREE IN THE MORNING, AND NINETY DEGREES IN HERE. I CAN'T SLEEP.

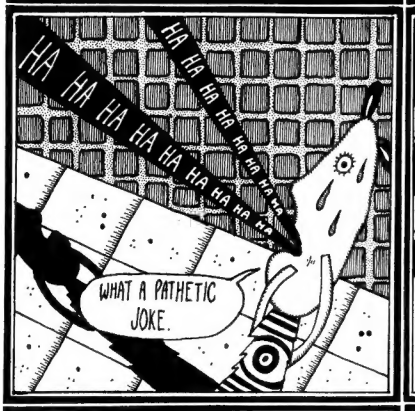
I FEEL SO TERRIBLE. I'M GOING TO TAKE A WALK. OH THERE'S MY NEIGHBOR LYING ON THE FLOOR. I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER.

SHE'S DEAD. I MIGHT AS WELL JUST LEAVE HER HERE. SOMEBODY WILL FIND HER. PEOPLE ALWAYS DYING. WHAT CAN YOU DO?

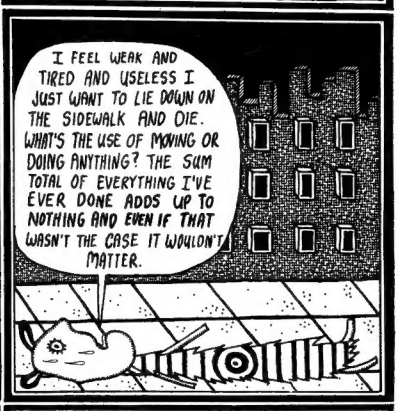
TONY DECIDES TO GO TO A LOCAL CLUB
I CAN'T STAND WATCHING PEOPLE FIGHTING AND ARGUING I'VE GOT TO LEAVE.

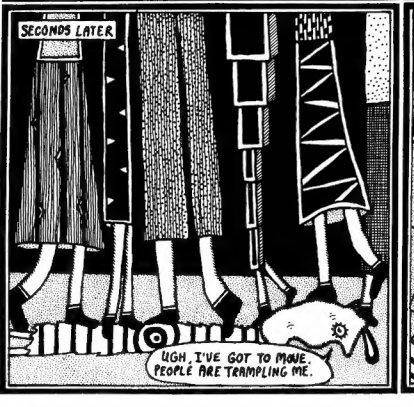
SOON
A STRANGE WOMAN ON THE STREET.... WHY IS SHE HANDING ME THAT THING!

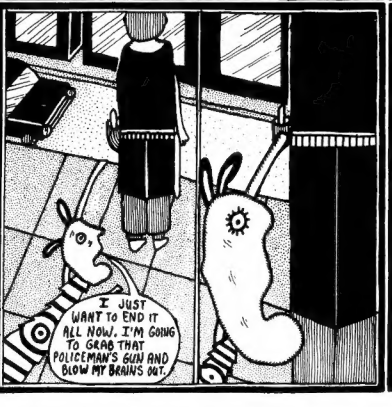

IT'S SOME KIND OF OLD RUBBER TOY... IT'S DISGUSTING. IT'S HORRIBLY SOILED AND MUTILATED.... IT REMINDS ME OF MYSELF SOMEHOW.
HANDS BROKEN OFF


HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
WHAT A PATHETIC JOKE.

SHORTLY
GOD I WISH I WAS DEAD! ALL I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO IS EAT AND TAKE UP SPACE.


I FEEL WEAK AND TIRED AND USELESS I JUST WANT TO LIE DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK AND DIE. WHAT'S THE USE OF MOVING OR DOING ANYTHING? THE SUM TOTAL OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE ADDS UP TO NOTHING AND EVEN IF THAT WASN'T THE CASE IT WOULDN'T MATTER.

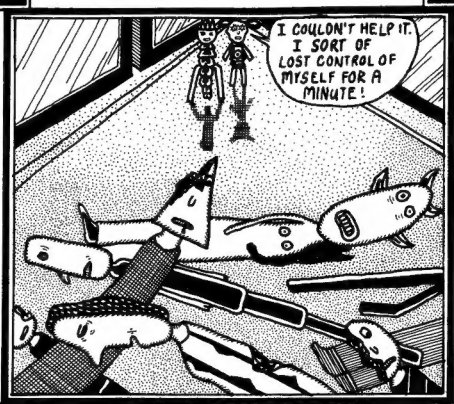

SECONDS LATER
UGH, I'VE GOT TO MOVE. PEOPLE ARE TRAMPLING ME.


I JUST WANT TO END IT ALL NOW. I'M GOING TO GRAB THAT POLICEMAN'S GUN AND BLOW MY BRAINS OUT.

YOU'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD. NOBODY LIKES YOU ANYWAY.
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT YOURSELF.
AHHHHHHHHHH

ON SECOND THOUGHT WHY SHOULD I KILL MYSELF. IT'S OTHER PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE! THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SHOULD DIE!
MOMMY PLEASE HELP ME!
AHHHHHHH
SOMEBODY STOP HIM!
HELP!
OH MY GOD! MY CHILD HAS BEEN SHOT!
TONY BEATS HIS HEAD AGAINST A WALL.
BAM
WHAT HAVE I DONE?

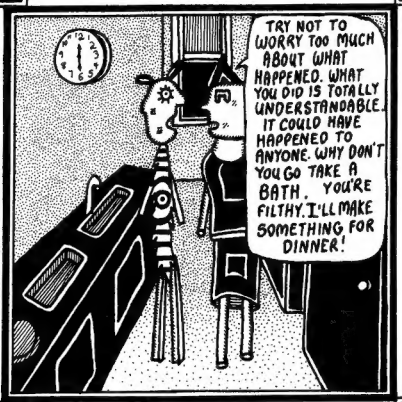
MURDERER!

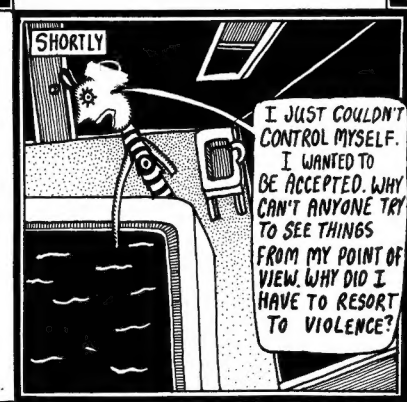

I COULDN'T HELP IT. I SORT OF LOST CONTROL OF MYSELF FOR A MINUTE!

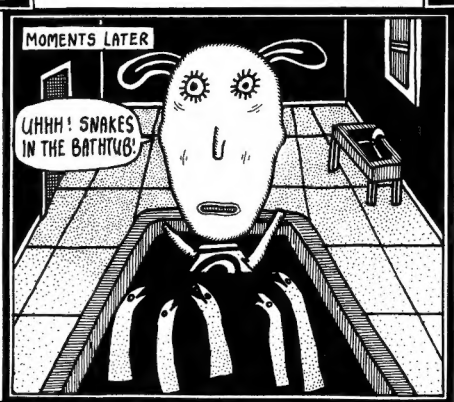
SOON
HEY TONY YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. THE POLICE WILL BE COMING ANY SECOND! COME WITH ME!
HUH? WHO ARE YOU?

BUT I DON'T WANT TO GET AWAY. I WANT TO BE PUNISHED! I'M A WORTHLESS INDIVIDUAL. WHY DO YOU WANT TO HELP ME ANYWAY?
I READ A SHORT STORY OF YOURS ONCE IN A MAGAZINE, AND REALLY LIKED IT. YOU'RE NOT WORTHLESS, JUST MISGUIDED!

THIS IS MY APARTMENT. YOU CAN HIDE OUT HERE FOR A FEW WEEKS.


TRY NOT TO WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. WHAT YOU DID IS TOTALLY UNDERSTANDABLE. IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYONE. WHY DON'T YOU GO TAKE A BATH. YOU'RE FILTHY. I'LL MAKE SOMETHING FOR DINNER!


SHORTLY
I JUST COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF. I WANTED TO BE ACCEPTED. WHY CAN'T ANYONE TRY TO SEE THINGS FROM MY POINT OF VIEW. WHY DID I HAVE TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE?

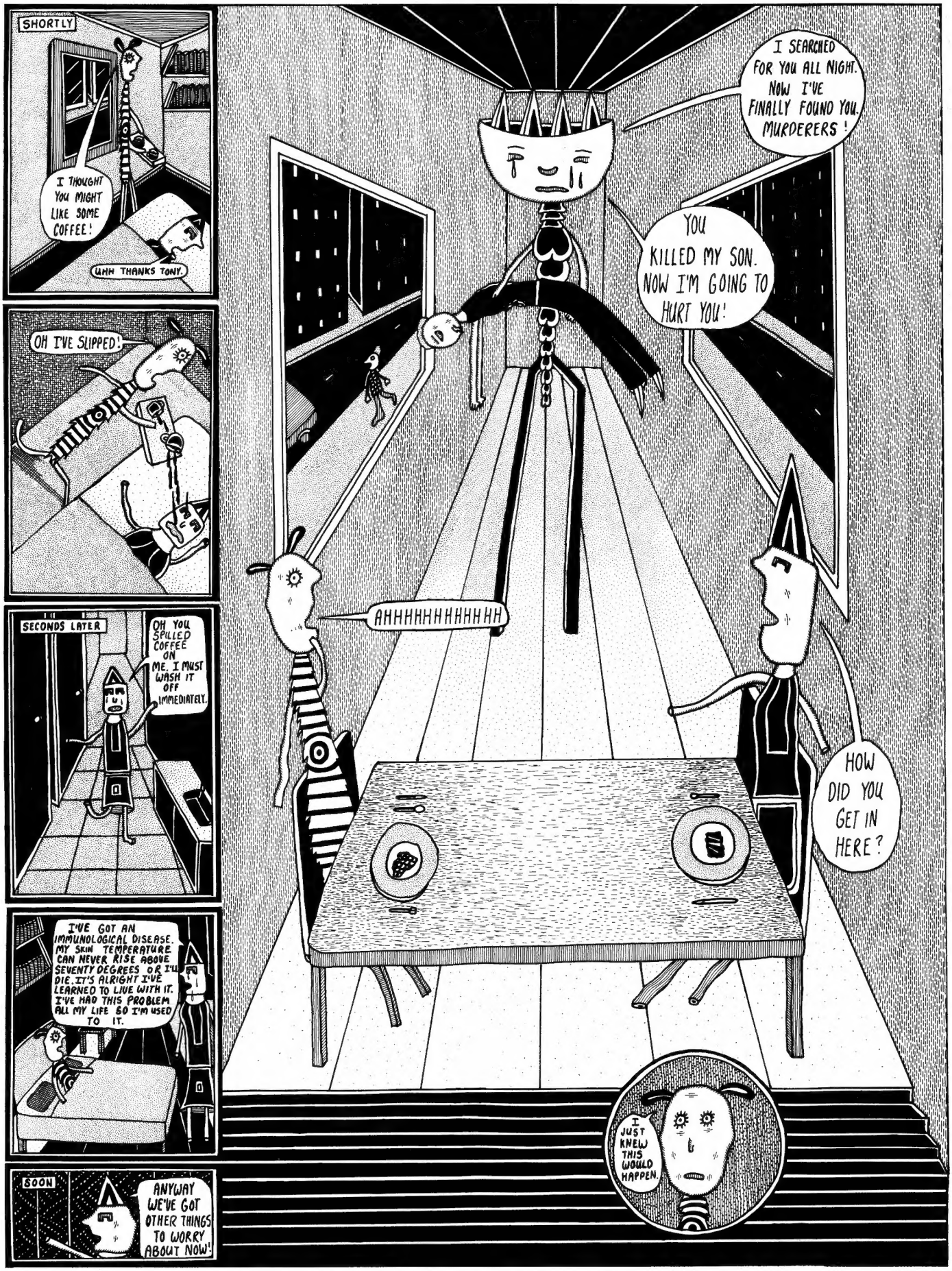

MOMENTS LATER
UHHH! SNAKES IN THE BATHTUB!

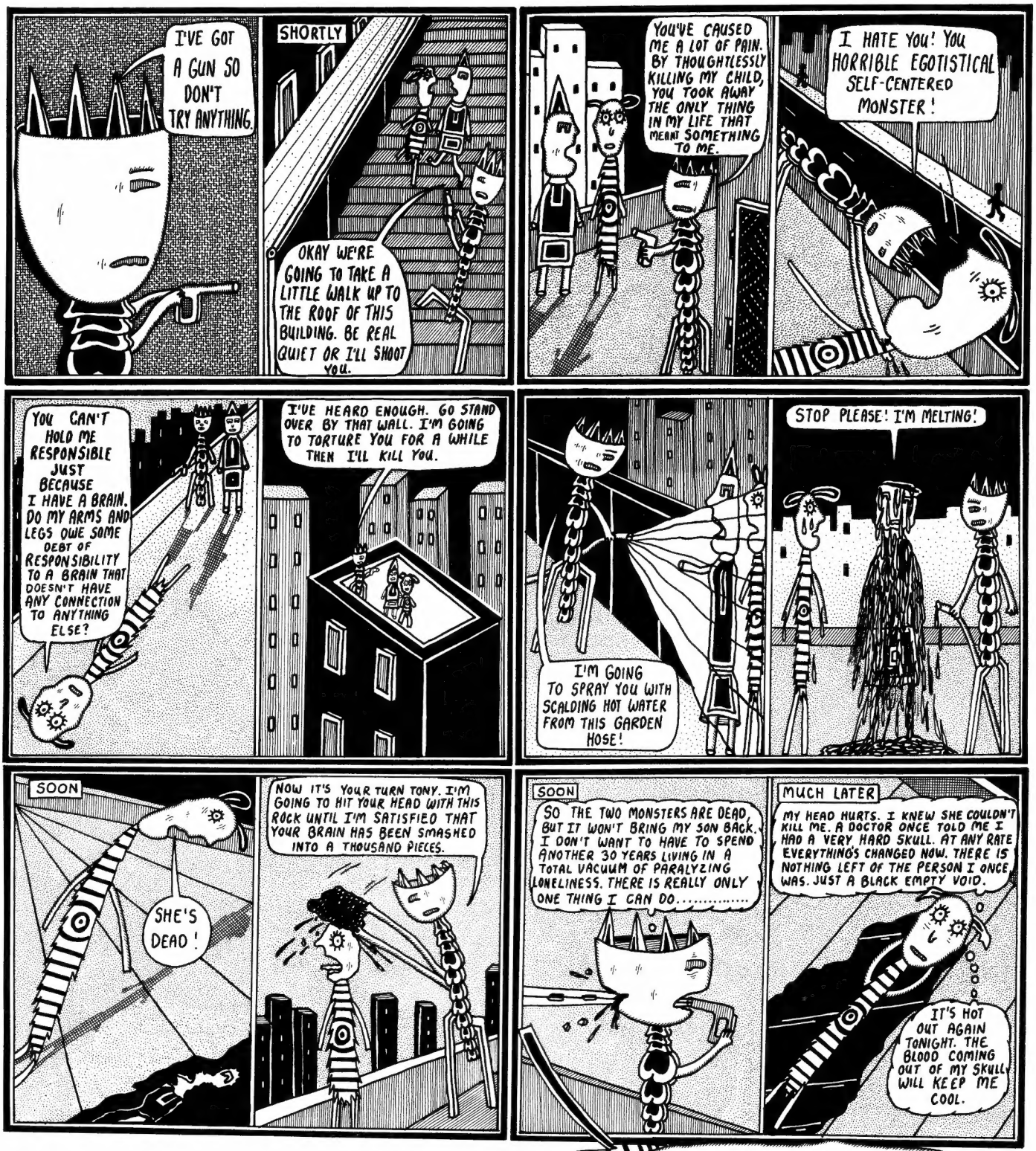
SOON
I MUST REALLY BE LOSING MY MIND! NOW I'M HAVING HALLUCINATIONS.

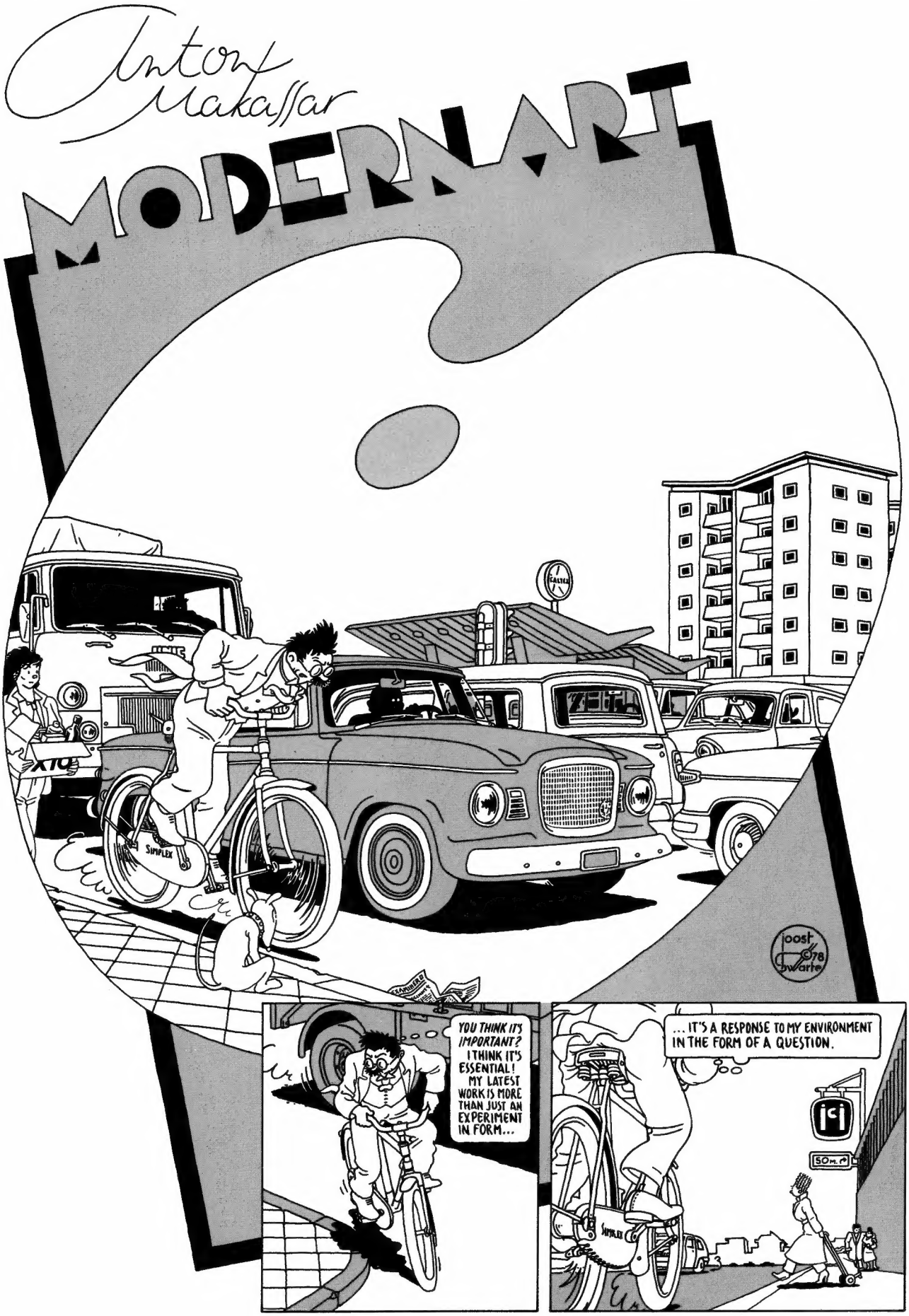
LATER
TONY, I THINK YOUR STORIES ARE GREAT. THEY'RE SO MOVING AND SO STRANGE. I NEVER KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY!
I JUST TRY TO MAKE THEM AS HONEST AS POSSIBLE BUT MOSTLY I'M UH NOT VERY HAPPY WITH THEM!

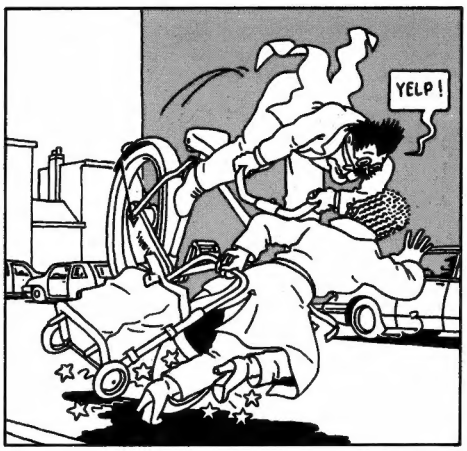
SEVERAL HOURS LATER
YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO ME TONY!
I'M SORRY. I REALLY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING INTERESTING TO SAY. I'M BASICALLY JUST A BORE!

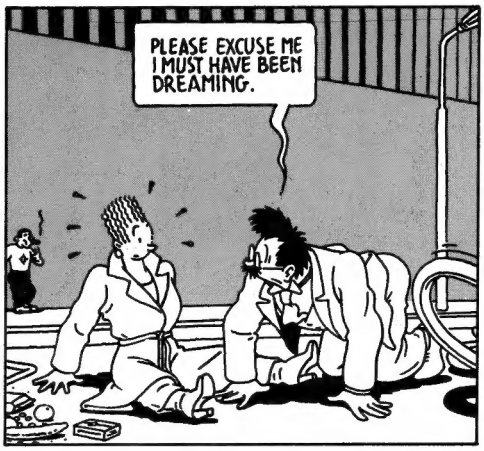
THE NEXT MORNING TONY WAKES UP EARLY.
I FEEL SO HAPPY TODAY. I THINK I'VE FINALLY MET SOMEONE WHO LIKES ME.


SHORTLY
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME COFFEE!
UHH THANKS TONY.
OH I'VE SLIPPED!
SECONDS LATER
OH YOU SPILLED COFFEE ON ME. I MUST WASH IT OFF IMMEDIATELY.
I'VE GOT AN IMMUNOLOGICAL DISEASE. MY SKIN TEMPERATURE CAN NEVER RISE ABOVE SEVENTY DEGREES OR I'LL DIE. IT'S ALRIGHT I'VE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH IT. I'VE HAD THIS PROBLEM ALL MY LIFE SO I'M USED TO IT.
SOON
ANYWAY WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT NOW!
I SEARCHED FOR YOU ALL NIGHT. NOW I'VE FINALLY FOUND YOU. MURDERERS!
YOU KILLED MY SON. NOW I'M GOING TO HURT YOU!
AHHHHHHHHHHHH
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
I JUST KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN.


I'VE GOT A GUN SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING.
SHORTLY
OKAY WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK UP TO THE ROOF OF THIS BUILDING. BE REAL QUIET OR I'LL SHOOT YOU.
YOU'VE CAUSED ME A LOT OF PAIN. BY THOUGHTLESSLY KILLING MY CHILD, YOU TOOK AWAY THE ONLY THING IN MY LIFE THAT MEANT SOMETHING TO ME.
I HATE YOU! YOU HORRIBLE EGOTISTICAL SELF-CENTERED MONSTER!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME RESPONSIBLE JUST BECAUSE I HAVE A BRAIN. DO MY ARMS AND LEGS OWE SOME DEBT OF RESPONSIBILITY TO A BRAIN THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANY CONNECTION TO ANYTHING ELSE?
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. GO STAND OVER BY THAT WALL. I'M GOING TO TORTURE YOU FOR A WHILE THEN I'LL KILL YOU.
I'M GOING TO SPRAY YOU WITH SCALDING HOT WATER FROM THIS GARDEN HOSE!
STOP PLEASE! I'M MELTING!
SOON
SHE'S DEAD!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TONY. I'M GOING TO HIT YOUR HEAD WITH THIS ROCK UNTIL I'M SATISFIED THAT YOUR BRAIN HAS BEEN SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.
SOON
SO THE TWO MONSTERS ARE DEAD, BUT IT WON'T BRING MY SON BACK. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER 30 YEARS LIVING IN A TOTAL VACUUM OF PARALYZING LONELINESS. THERE IS REALLY ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO.....
MUCH LATER
MY HEAD HURTS. I KNEW SHE COULDN'T KILL ME. A DOCTOR ONCE TOLD ME I HAD A VERY HARD SKULL. AT ANY RATE EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF THE PERSON I ONCE WAS. JUST A BLACK EMPTY VOID.
IT'S HOT OUT AGAIN TONIGHT. THE BLOOD COMING OUT OF MY SKULL WILL KEEP ME COOL.


Anton Makassar
MODERNART
SIMPLEX
YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT? I THINK IT'S ESSENTIAL! MY LATEST WORK IS MORE THAN JUST AN EXPERIMENT IN FORM...
... IT'S A RESPONSE TO MY ENVIRONMENT IN THE FORM OF A QUESTION.
ici
50m.
joost swarte ©78

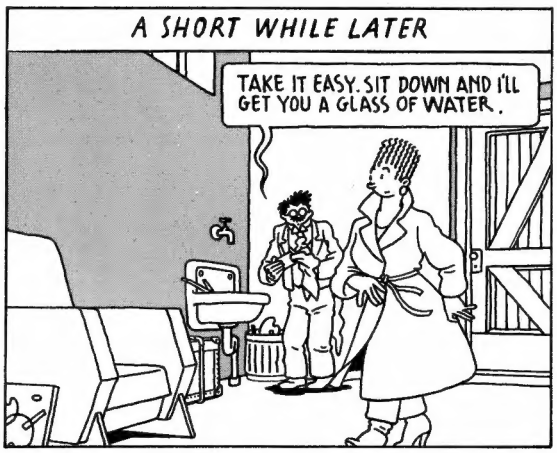

YELP!


PLEASE EXCUSE ME I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING.

OH! I'M SO SORRY.
ARE YOU HURT?

PLEASE DON'T BOTHER IT WAS ALL MY FAULT.

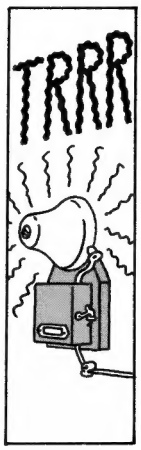
YOU MUST BE SHAKEN UP. COME TO MY STUDIO, YOU CAN RECOVER THERE.


A SHORT WHILE LATER
TAKE IT EASY. SIT DOWN AND I'LL GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER.

YOU LIKE PAINTING? I SEE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THIS OIL...

NOT BAD EH?! ... BUT IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO MY MOST RECENT PAINTINGS THEY'RE UP THERE ON THE MEZZANINE. NO ONE HAS SEEN THEM YET. I'VE INVESTED YEARS OF MY LIFE IN THEM. THEY'VE ALL GROWN OUT OF A REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPT!

IF I SHOWED THEM TO YOU, YOU'D SAY: IT'S SO SIMPLE! ANYBODY COULD COME UP WITH THAT! BUT NOBODY DID. MY CONCEPT IS UTTERLY ORIGINAL!


TRRR

GOOD AFTERNOON MR. MAKASSAR. I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU.
2

AHEM... UH... WHAT IS IT PIERRE?
I'D LIKE YOUR OPINION ON MY LATEST WORK OF ART.

I REALLY DON'T HAVE THE TIME RIGHT NOW.

NEITHER DO I. SO PLEASE BE BRIEF.
?

HMPH... OK. IT'S IN HERE?
YES... I WRAPPED IT UP VERY WELL. JUST IMAGINE IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO IT.

IT WOULD BE SUCH A SHAME

A UNIQUE MOMENT FROZEN IN TIME.

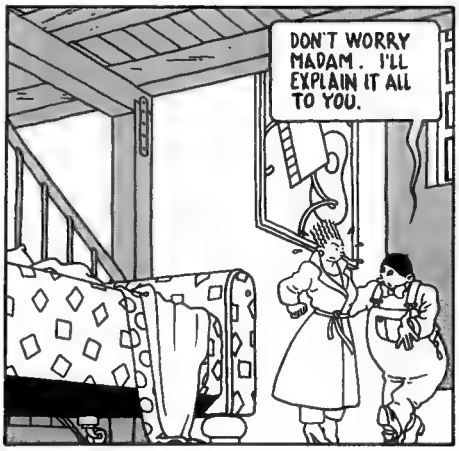
SOMETHING WRONG, MR. MAKASSAR?

MEANWHILE
HEY KID, DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A LADY WITH A SHOPPING CART?
...SHE WENT THAT WAY.

WITH A GENTLEMAN IN A FROCK-COAT.

WHETHER HE LIKED IT OR NOT... IT CERTAINLY HAD AN EFFECT ON HIM
THANK HEAVENS IF IT HADN'T MOVED HIM, I WOULD HAVE CANCELED MY OPENING FOR NEXT SATURDAY.

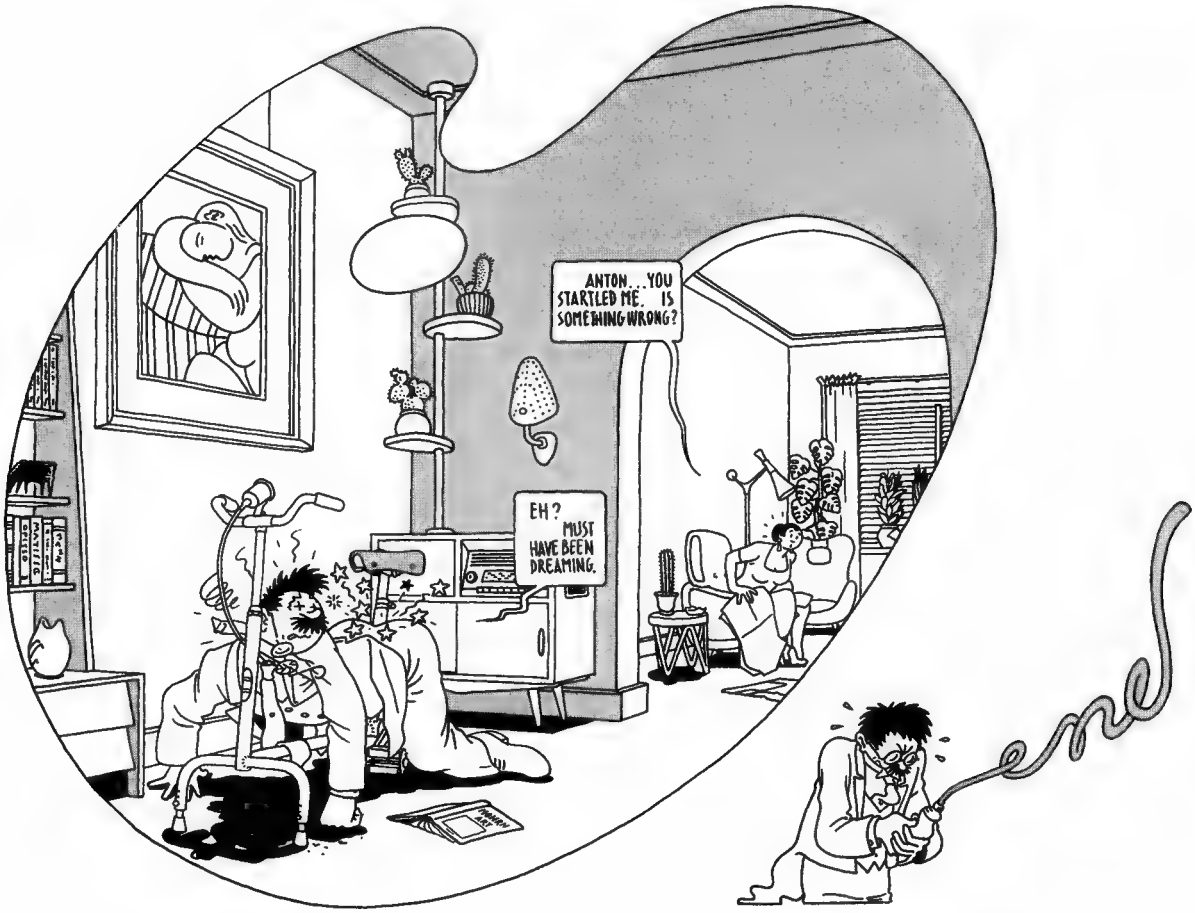
HAVE YOU EVER MODELED?
MODELED?
3


DON'T WORRY MADAM. I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU.

THAT'S HER SHOPPING CART. SHE MUST BE HERE.

AHA!
ANTON MAKASSAR MODERN PAINTER
YOU JUST TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES
...THEN LIE DOWN HERE AND PUT YOUR LEGS UP LIKE THIS.

!
4
THE FROCK-COAT. IT MUST BE HIM!
TAKE THAT! FILTHY ARTIST!


ANTON... YOU STARTLED ME. IS SOMETHING WRONG?
EH? MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING.

AN ABORIGINE AMONG THE SKYSCRAPERS

[illegible] Borneo, [illegible] isolated village [illegible] about thirty of his [illegible] during the 1940s, he was hired by [illegible] and Mrs. Martin Johnson to take care of the wild animals they had captured while making a film there. Saudin accompanied the expedition back to the United States as caretaker to the animals and stayed in New York for three months with Mr. Johnson.

These impressions were narrated in Malaysian to Agnes Keith, the translator, after his return.

I was so astonished by New York that I just wanted to look and look and look at it. I forgot all about feeding the animals and my work. Every night men had their names put in the sky with bright lights so that they would not be forgotten, because there are so many people in New York that it would be easy to forget some of them. All the time there was a great noise made by motorcars and buses and trains. There were trains above me on bridges, there were trains below me, and there were more trains that were below the trains that were below. Always the trains were very full of people. I think if the trains all stopped and the people got off them there would be no space in New York for all the people. So the people take turns living in the trains. I used to walk and walk because I was afraid to get on those trains to ride, as I did not know how to get off or where I should be when I did, or if I might have to live on one.

The streets were very clean. They washed and polished them every morning. I thought there could be no sickness there with everything so clean.

The buildings were very tall. Sometimes I had to go up and down in what men call an elevator. This is a little room that you get into, and very suddenly it goes up. And when it stops your stomach does not stop. But when it goes down you feel that everything has gone out of you. It is much worse than an airplane. I was always afraid in it, but said nothing, because I thought men would say, "He is just a jungle man!"

In winter there is a very cold climate in New York. Often I shivered and was cold although I wore many clothes and my handsome black coat. All men wore heavy clothes and coats like mine which hung down to their knees. But truly I was astonished at the women! They did not wear many clothes except around their necks, where they wore the skins of animals. They wore very little under this, because the wind would show me. Their stockings were just like nothing. Truly I was astonished that they did not feel cold.

In New York we put Mr. Johnson's animals in Central Park Zoo, and I went there every day to take care of them. At first Mr. Johnson went with me so that I would not be lost, and later I could go alone. But I was always afraid of the motorcars. I walked a great deal, up and down the same street and never far away, as I was afraid of being lost. At night I did not go away at all, because when lights were in the sky all things became different and I was confused.

One day he told me to go to a cinema. When I went in it was daylight, but when I came out it was dark. It was only five o'clock and in my country that is still daytime. But in New York in winter that is nighttime and the lights are on. When I [illegible] from here [illegible], all [illegible] lises, all lights blinked, and I [illegible] confused. I walked and walked, but [illegible] not find the place where I lived. Mr. Johnson had written a letter for me telling who I was and where I lived in case I should be lost some day. And, as I was lost then, I looked in my coat, and was much astonished to find that the letter was lost also.

I went to a policeman and asked him how to go to Central Park Zoo, because if I could find that I could find my house, which was near it. The policeman said it was twelve blocks away, so I said, "Thank you very much," and walked on some more. Then I asked another policeman and he said nine blocks farther, and I walked some more. But the next policeman I asked said, "Here is Central Park Zoo!" And there I was at the Zoo, but I did not recognize it with the lights on. So then I found my house, which I think was very good fortune, because I had indeed been lost.

One day newspaper men came to talk to me, and they said, "Do you like New York? What do you like the best?" And I said, "Yes, I like New York, and I like best the red electric light signs that run like streams of fire, and the lights that chase each other around like small animals."

One day I was out walking and I came to a large place with many horses in it. I said to a man with a uniform, "Can I enter?" And he said, "You must buy a ticket." I said, "I will buy a ticket. Now can I enter?" And he said, "Sure!" So I entered and I saw large and wonderful horses, and handsome men with beautiful colored uniforms. They played music and the horses danced to the music. I think the horses in New York are smarter than are the policemen in my country. So I struck my hands together the way other people did, with astonishment and joy. When the playing was finished all the people wanted to leave at once in a great hurry, and everybody pushed everybody and I fell down. A man picked me up, and I said, "Thank you very much," and went home.

I went also to see boxing and wrestling. Boxing is all right, but wrestling is too rough. In my country we do not act like that unless we wish to kill men.

One day a man fell down in the streets and lay there wounded. Everybody just looked at him and walked on. So I looked at him and walked on too, because I was afraid if I stayed near him people would think that I had wounded him. Afterwards I told Mr. Johnson and he said, "People get killed here every day!"

I was out walking one day and met a man who was drunk, the same as a man is in Borneo when he drinks too much rice beer. The man said, "You are a Filipino like me!" I said, "No, I am a Malay." He said, "No, you are a Filipino!" I said "You are drunk. You had better go home. Don't you know that people get killed here every day?" But he didn't go home, and he wanted to fight me because I wasn't a Filipino. So I ran and stood by an important man in a uniform who stood at the door of a hotel. I stood very close to this important man, and as he wouldn't let the drunken Filipino come to the hotel he couldn't fight me.

[illegible] place [illegible] take [illegible] of food. The different holes [illegible] names on them to tell you what foods are concealed within. We had vegetable and potato and meat all cooked together in a flour wrapping which they call a pie. I think this place was very cunning indeed, because the hole to receive a ten-cent piece was so small that you could not put in a five-cent piece, and the hole for a five-cent piece did not answer if you put in a one-cent piece.

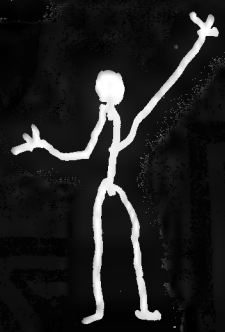
One time a man gave me some wine to drink. I drank a little, and then I remembered about the many motorcars and trains outside, the great noise and confusion, and the people who got killed there every day. And I was afraid I might be hit, lost, or killed if I drank any more, so I didn't drink any more. . . .

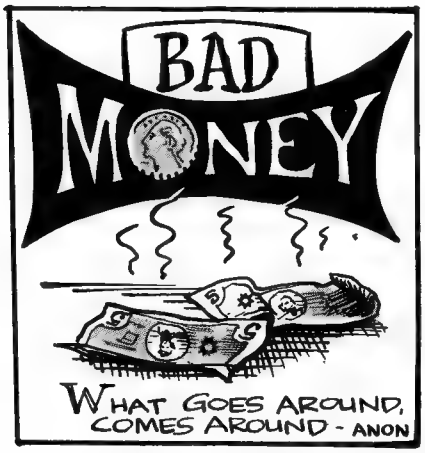
Mr. Jim, who used to drive the flying ship in Borneo, was in New York too, but he did not live there. One day we flew from New York to his home in a very large flying ship, much larger than Mr. Johnson's, with many people in it. I was not afraid because I was used to flying before, but it was very different from flying over Borneo. In my country I looked down on jungle trees and rivers of which I am not afraid, but here I looked down on buildings and trains which would be difficult to fall upon with comfort. In New York there were snow and ice on the wings of the flying ship. It was very rough weather, the same as on our boat before coming to Capetown, and I was sick, but I did not vomit. We went many miles before coming to Mr. Jim's village, but I do not remember the name of this village. We went into his house and his people gave us food and drink. But I was ashamed to eat with them because I did not know how to eat the food cleverly as they did, because all my life in my country I was accustomed to eat with my fingers. It is difficult to carry the food with those small weapons to the mouth. I did not wish to be rude by not eating the food after their custom, so I pretended I was not very hungry, and I went to bed soon. The next day we returned to New York. . . .

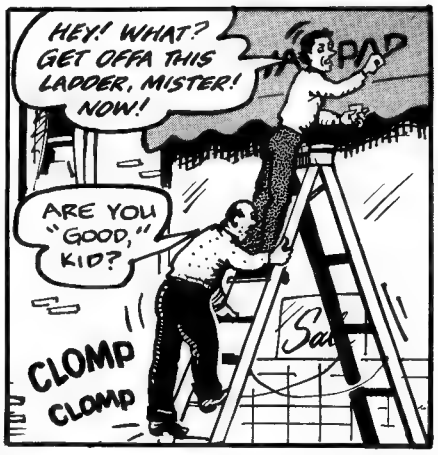
One day Mr. Johnson said to me that in two days he must put me on a ship to return to Borneo. I was very sad to hear this because he was very good to me, and America was so astonishing. I cried like a child and I couldn't eat anything. First I thought that I would stay in America and work, but the next day I thought, "Well, never mind, if he says I must go, I will go." . . .

Now I will go back to my village and see my people. I will buy more buffaloes and plant more rice. When the harvest season comes I will harvest my rice, and I will drink rice beer and take a wife. But although I will live as all men do here, never will I forget America.

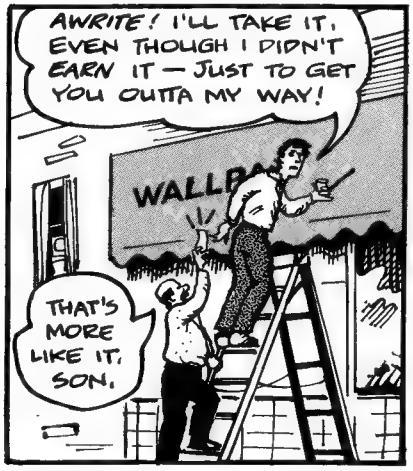
From *In Search of Eden*, Leo Hammâlian, editor (Mentor Books, 1981).



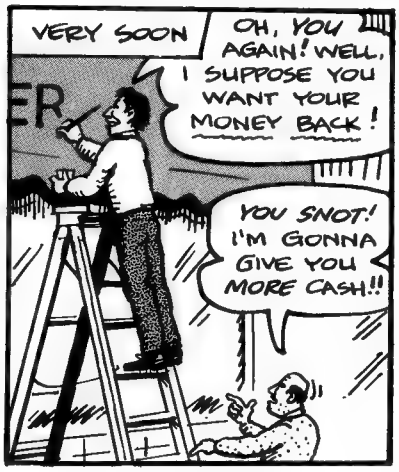

BAD MONEY
WHAT GOES AROUND, COMES AROUND - ANON

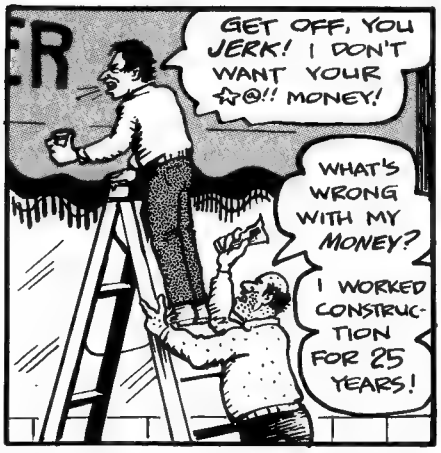

HEY! WHAT? GET OFFA THIS LADDER, MISTER! NOW!
ARE YOU "GOOD," KID?
CLOMP CLOMP

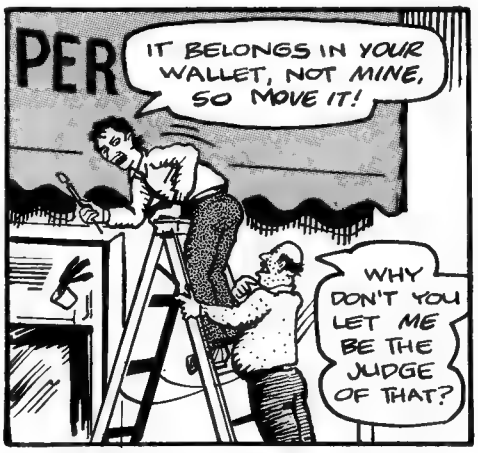
I'M NOT THE BEST OR THE WORST... NOW GET TH' HELL OFF MY LADDER!
NOT UNTIL YOU TAKE THIS $5!


AWRITE! I'LL TAKE IT, EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T EARN IT — JUST TO GET YOU OUTTA MY WAY!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, SON.

HMMM - I'VE BEEN STRANGELY HUMILIATED, AND YET, THIS DOUGH IS DEFINITELY BURNING A HOLE IN MY POCKET.
HAW! DIDN'T EARN" IT!


VERY SOON
OH, YOU AGAIN! WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT YOUR MONEY BACK!
YOU SNOT! I'M GONNA GIVE YOU MORE CASH!!


GET OFF, YOU JERK! I DON'T WANT YOUR ☆@!! MONEY!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MONEY?
I WORKED CONSTRUCTION FOR 25 YEARS!


IT BELONGS IN YOUR WALLET, NOT MINE, SO MOVE IT!
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT?

GET OFFA MY LADDER!
TAKE THIS MONEY, KID!
JUSTIN GREEN '84

YOU'RE JUST THROWIN' YOUR MONEY AWAY, MISTER.
YOU MUST NEED IT BAD!

RETURN OF THE HUNTER
JUST BOUGHT A BRAND NEW CAB CALLOWAY DOUBLE ALBUM, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING...
WAH

NEXT MORNING
AH SHIT! I LEFT THE NEW RECORD ON THE RADIATOR LAST NIGHT!
HI-DE-HO MAN

TENOCHTITLAN

by José Muñoz and Carlos Sampayo

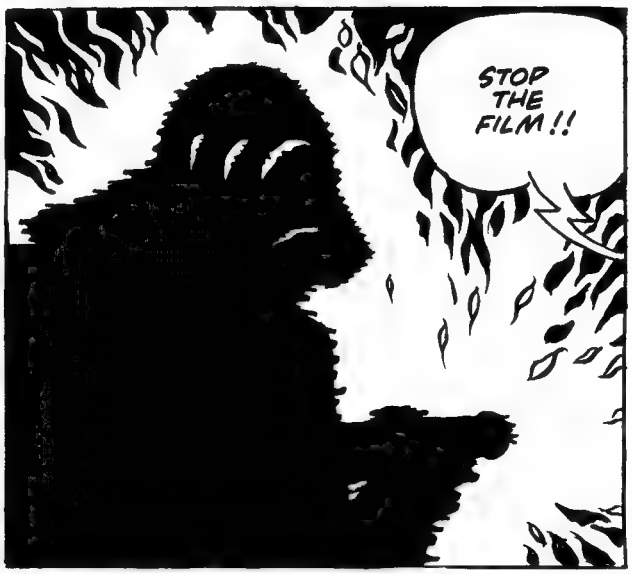
Translation by Michele Curel, Kristin Barnel & F M Lettering by Phil Felix

© 1984 Jose Munóz & Carlos Sampayo

CULONES!
TENOCHTITLÁN-YEAR OF OUR LORD 1521

GOD SAVE THEM, IF THEY HAVE SOULS!!!

STOP!!


STOP THE FILM!!

IT'S... IT'S A FIREMAN! ... THE FILM! ...
THEY... THEY'VE RUINED THE SEQUENCE!!!
IT'S ONLY THE LAST SECOND... WE CAN CUT...
I DECIDE HOW LONG THE SCENES ARE...!
THOSE FIREMEN RUINED THE SEQUENCE AND I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO RESHOOT!!
GODDAMNED IGNORANT SAVAGES!

HERR KUNTZ.

LET'S KEEP THE INTERVIEW LOW-KEY... I'VE HAD A HARD DAY.

COULD YOU DISCUSS YOUR IDEOLOGICAL INTENTIONS AND THEN SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR METHOD-- WHY MEXICO, WHY THE CONQUEST AND THE GENOCIDE?

THE CONQUEST WAS THE FIRST ORGANIZED EXPRESSION OF EUROPE'S MASS DELIRIUM PROJECTED ONTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD-- THE EMPIRES COULDN'T CONTAIN THEMSELVES ANY LONGER...

NOW EUROPE MUST PAY FOR ITS PAST SINS. MY FILM IS A CRIMINAL INDICTMENT, AN AUTOPSY. MEXICO IS A METAPHOR.

HERR KUNTZ: A METAPHOR, ALTHOUGH IT CAN BE OBJECTIVE, OFFERS...

HELLO!

YOU WERE ON THE CAMERA CREW.
YEAH! KUNTZ WAS THERE, HE GOT A BIT SINGED.
THAT'S WALKER, A FREE-LANCE JOURNALIST. HE LIKES TO SCARE PEOPLE...

KUNTZ TOLD US NOT TO STOP... AND PEOPLE WERE DYING... REALLY DYING!...
YEAH... I KNOW. YESSIR!

LISA, INTRODUCE ME TO MR. KUNTZ.
THIS IS WALKER, HE'S PUSHY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MR. WALKER? I DON'T GIVE INTERVIEWS BEFORE MY FILMS ARE RELEASED.

I'LL SEND YOU A WRITTEN QUESTIONNAIRE, MR. KUNTZ... YOU'LL ANSWER IT.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DER SEELENSUCHER

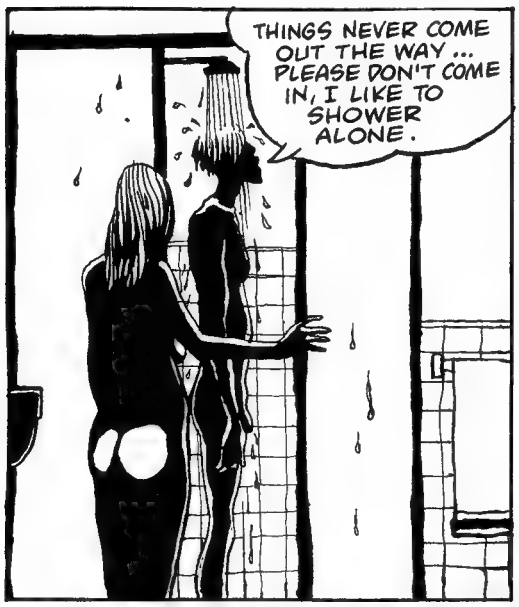
THINGS AREN'T WORKING OUT LIKE I PLANNED...
DON'T WOR-

I'M RISKING MY LIFE FOR THE TRUTH... MY TESTIMONY. A FIREMAN GOT IN THE WAY...

...I DON'T GET IT.
PROBLEMS WITH THE EDITING OF "TENOCHTITLAN." THERE WAS A FIRE DURING THE SHOOTING. I WAS NEARLY BURNED ALIVE.

WE GOTTA GET OUT!!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

O.K., NOW YOU CAN GET THE CAMERA OUT!!


THINGS NEVER COME OUT THE WAY... PLEASE DON'T COME IN, I LIKE TO SHOWER ALONE.

TELL ME: WHAT'S YOUR INTELLECTUAL STANCE WITHIN YOUR COUNTRY?
MY EYES!... THESE CONTACTS ALWAYS BOTHER ME.

...IT'S A ROLE...IMPOSED FROM THE OUTSIDE AS ALWAYS... LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES, MY STANCE IS MY WORK.

THERE'S WALKER. YOU BETTER GIVE HIM THE INTERVIEW OR HE'LL MAKE TROUBLE FOR...
OH GOD! WHAT A DAY THIS IS GOING TO BE!

I HAVE THE QUESTIONNAIRE. TELL ME ABOUT THE ACCIDENT!
WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN TELLING YOU?

DON'T CUT, DON'T CUT. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ACTION!!!

THE OUTDOOR SCENE... TELL ME!!
IT'S O.K., IT'S O.K.... WE GOT IT.

CHINGA E' TU MADRE. QU 'TE YEVE EL INFIERNO!

WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE'S CURSING YOU. I THINK ONE OF HIS RELATIVES DIED IN THE FIRE.

IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB. I NEVER TRIED TO HIDE THAT... TOMORROW WE FILM THE ESCAPE, I WANT EVERBODY HERE AT 7!

...SHOW HIM WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BURNED ALIVE.
YES SIR!

MR. KUNTZ, TELEPHONE.
WHO THE HELL...

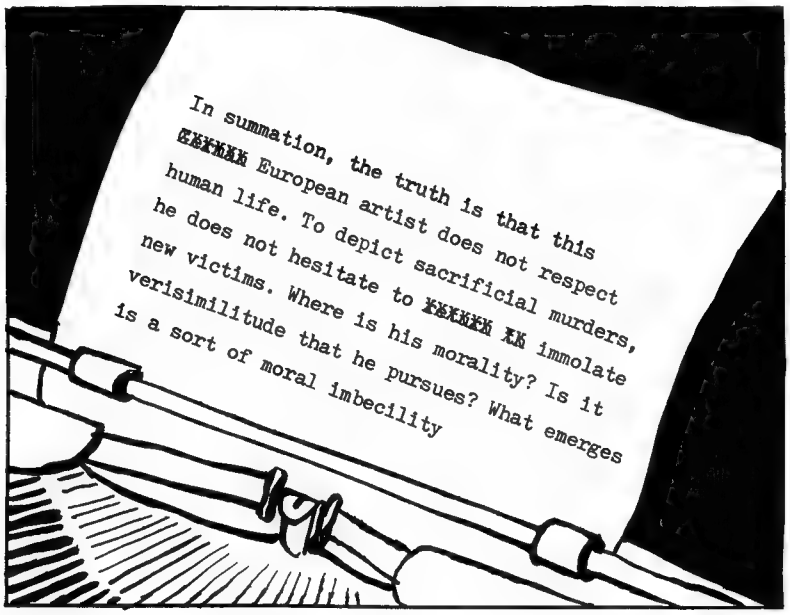
THIS IS YOUR PRODUCER... WE'VE BEEN APPROACHED BY A GUY NAMED WALKER. HE'S BEEN MAKING INSINUATIONS. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO?

DO WHAT YOU WANT... DROWN HIM... A COGNAC!
ALRIGHT, BUT DON'T SHOUT.

GOOD AFTERNOON, HERR KUNTZ.

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU SNAKE! I DON'T WANT YOU NEAR ME!

HEAVENS! I THOUGHT HE WAS A GENTLE-MAN...
PLEASE LEAVE, I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE IN MY BAR.


In summation, the truth is that this
European artist does not respect
human life. To depict sacrificial murders,
he does not hesitate to immolate
new victims. Where is his morality? Is it
verisimilitude that he pursues? What emerges
is a sort of moral imbecility

YES ?

...SPEAK WITH YOU IMMEDIATELY. IT'S BEST FOR BOTH OF US.

TOO EARLY FOR A SCANDAL ...SUCH PRACTICAL BUSINESS-MEN...

MY CAR!! THE PIGS...

TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY.
FUCK IT!

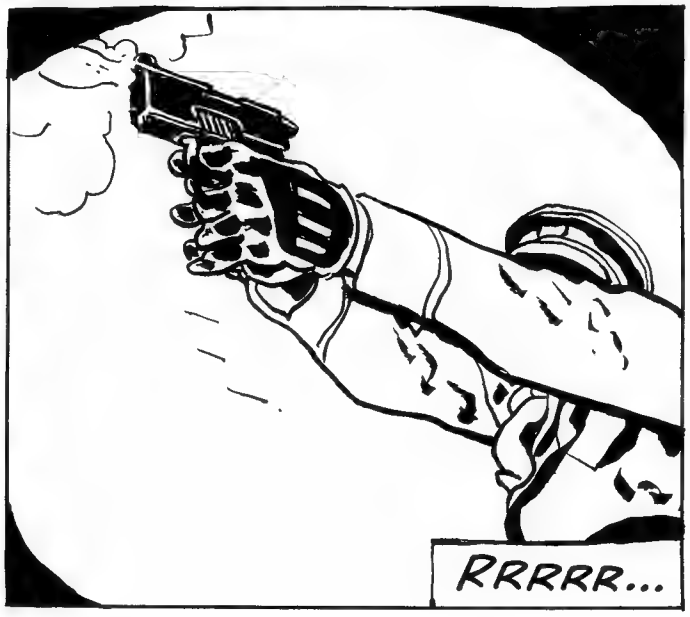
WHAT ABOUT THOSE EXTRAS?... WHAT'S GOING ON?
I DON'T KNOW. LOOK!

HEINZ, CALL THE POLICE!

SNIFF!
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN THINKING ABOUT ALL THIS TIME?

EEEEE...

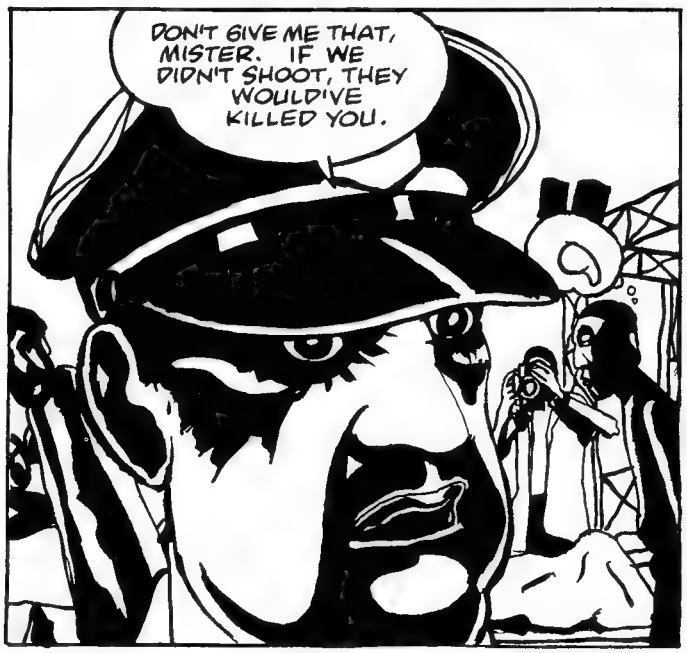
EEEEEE...
GO GET 'EM!!


RRRRR...

I DIDN'T TELL THEM TO SHOOT!
...BUT YOU CALLED THEM!

NOW WHAT?
I STILL HAVE TO SHOOT THIS SCENE... FIND MORE EXTRAS FOR TOMORROW...

THEY'RE GONE, MISTER KUNTZ.
WHY DID YOU SHOOT?


DON'T GIVE ME THAT, MISTER. IF WE DIDN'T SHOOT, THEY WOULD'VE KILLED YOU.

I'D WATCH OUT IF I WERE YOU!
SON OF A BITCH!... SAVAGE!

...WHICH FORCED THE INDIANS TO PERFORM INHUMAN WORK!
CALM DOWN, IT HAPPENED IN ANOTHER COUNTRY.

LET ME BE PERFECTLY CLEAR: IF YOU KEEP QUIET THERE WILL BE A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD.
AND ON TOP OF IT ALL, THEY'RE TRYING TO BUY ME OFF...

SUBSTANTIAL? I WONDER HOW SUBSTANTIAL?

THAT'S HIM!

PERFECT... PERFECT... PERFECT... PERFECT!!!

98%... 98% PERFECT... THAT'S NOT BAD!!

THE THEATRICAL OBJECTIVITY OF EISENSTEIN... THE SPECTACULAR SCALE OF DE MILLE... BROUGHT TOGETHER BY A EUROPEAN MIND... IT CAN'T MISS!

A WORTHY EXPRESSION OF OUR NARRATIVE TRADITION... IN MY FILM, THE TWO VISIONS ARE FINALLY BLENDED TOGETHER...

RRRR...

...THE END HAS JUSTIFIED THE...
YOU'RE VERY PRAGMATIC.

...I SUFFERED SECOND DEGREE BURNS... AND BESIDES, THE INDIANS WERE COVERED BY THE INSURANCE.

YOUR DRINKS, SIRS.

WAIT... DON'T I KNOW YOU?
NO SIR, I'M MEXICAN.

HE USES THE BAR FOR HIS PRESS CONFERENCE, THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
...MOMENT IN HISTORY WHEN SOMEONE GRABS HOLD OF THE TRUTH AND SYNTHESIZES IT. IT CAN BE A DICTATOR OR AN ARTIST.
...IF I PUT MYSELF ON THE SIDE OF TRUTH, I TAKE ITS AXIOMS TO THEIR LAST CONSEQUENCES, INCLUDING MY OWN DEATH...

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SUICIDE?

DON'T BE STUPID!
DO YOU THINK YOUR FILMS WILL RAISE PEOPLE'S CONSCIOUSNESS OF COLONIALISM?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... PLEASE EXCUSE ME...

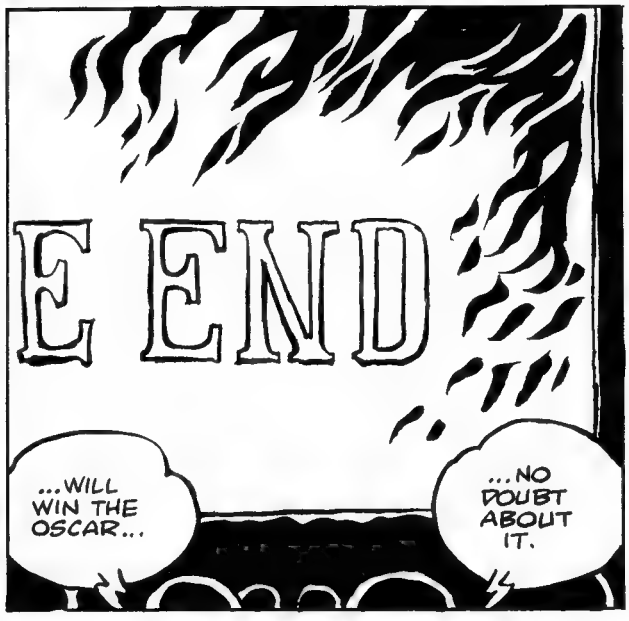
...I'M AN ARTIST AND I HAVE TO TAKE ALL THIS BULLSHIT...

PREMIERE!

...THE ARRIVAL OF THE DIRECTOR H.H. KUNTZ. GREAT EXPECTATIONS SURROUND THE OPENING OF THIS FILM!

EXIT

A H.H. KUNTZ FILM
TENOCHTITLAN


E END
...WILL WIN THE OSCAR...
...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... THIS YEAR'S OSCAR FOR BEST FOREIGN FILM HAS BEEN AWARDED TO ...
OSCAR AWARD

"TENOCHTITLAN", DIRECTED BY H.H. KUNTZ!

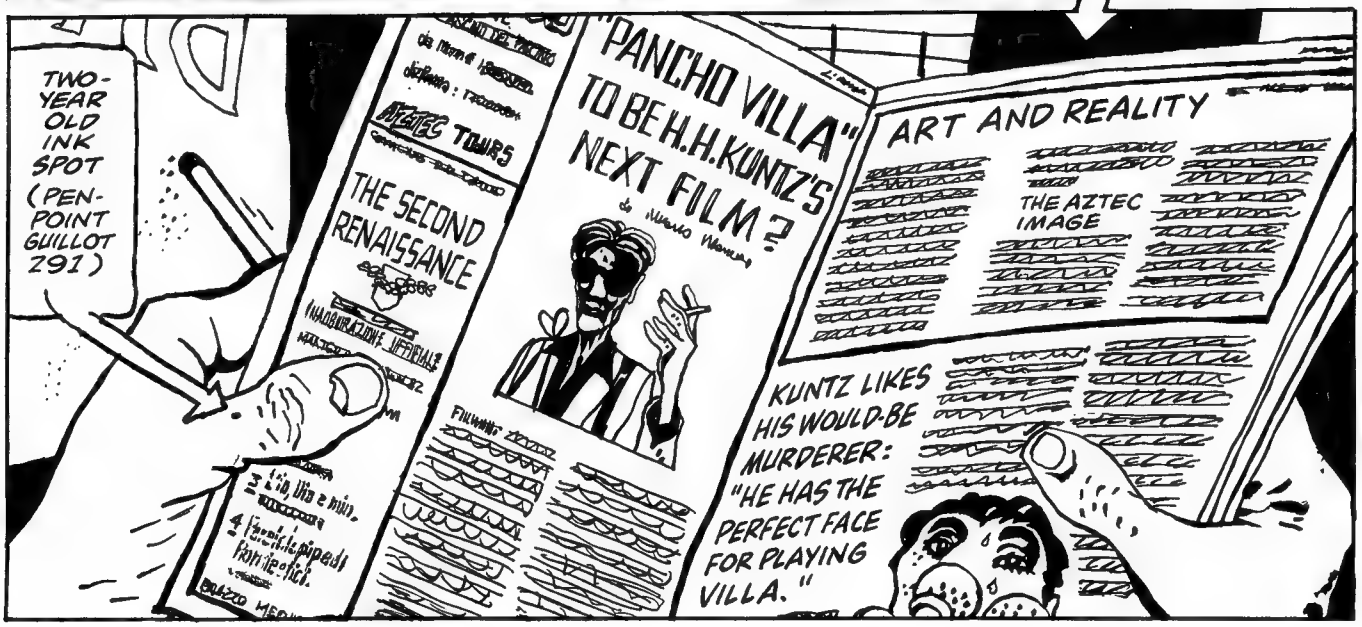
DON'T CUT... DON'T CUT... FOCUS THE CAMERA ON THE KILLER!!!
OSCAR

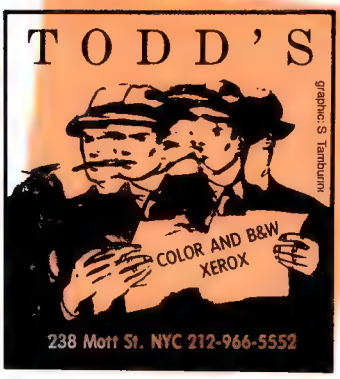
NO... ZOOM!!! CLOSE-UP ON HIS FACE!!

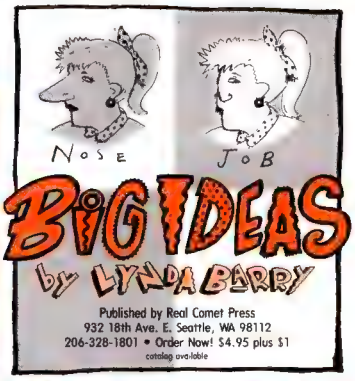
THANK YOU... THANK YOU... THIS IS THE ULTIMATE PROOF OF THE RISKS I INCUR BY DEFENDING MY ETHICS... THANK YOU...

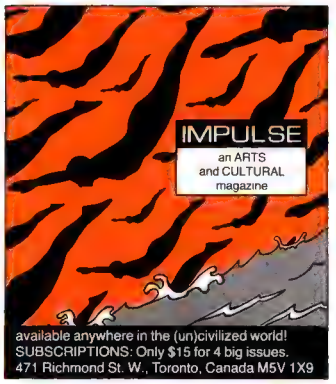
HE'S A CRIMINAL... MY FATHER AND MY BROTHER DIED IN HIS MOVIE... BURNED... MY FA...

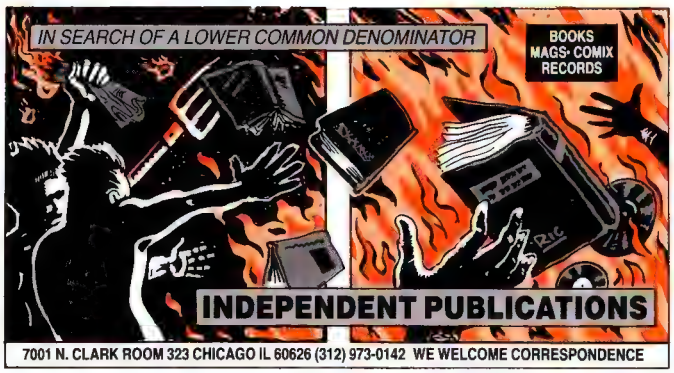
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK AND TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL...
I SHALL RETURN WITH A NEW FILM...

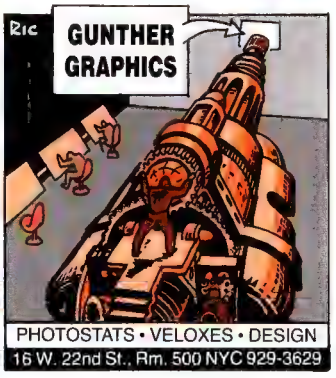

TWO-YEAR OLD INK SPOT (PEN-POINT GUILLOT 291)
AZTEC TOURS
THE SECOND RENAISSANCE
"PANCHO VILLA" TO BE H.H.KUNTZ'S NEXT FILM?
ART AND REALITY
THE AZTEC IMAGE
KUNTZ LIKES HIS WOULD-BE MURDERER: "HE HAS THE PERFECT FACE FOR PLAYING VILLA."





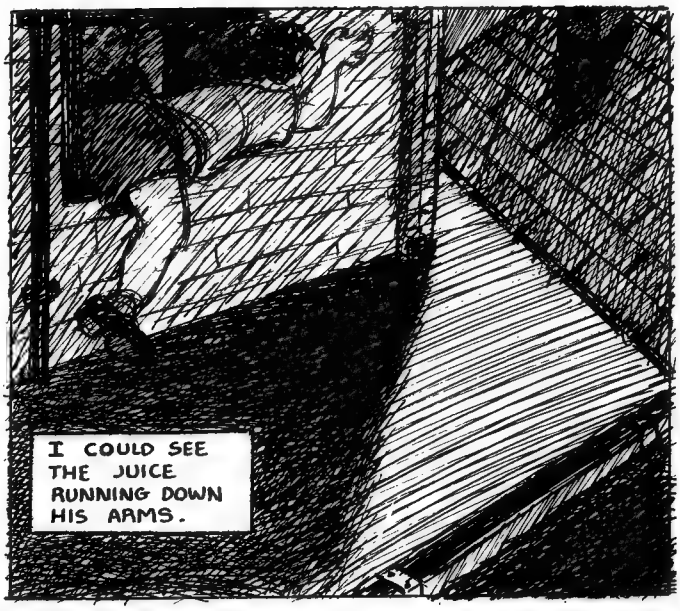


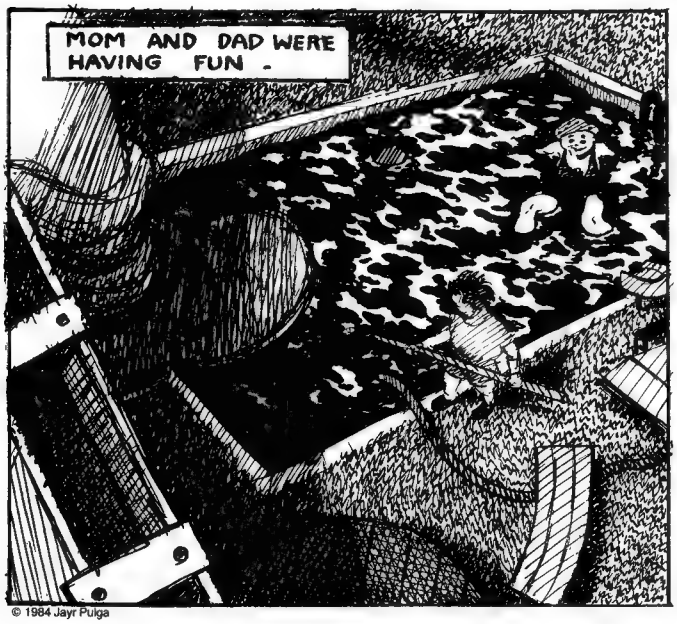




Advertisements designed by: Rick Gallagher, Paul Karasik, Mark Michaelson, Charles Burns, Mark Newgarden, Tomas Bunk & art spiegelman

NECTAR OF THE GODS





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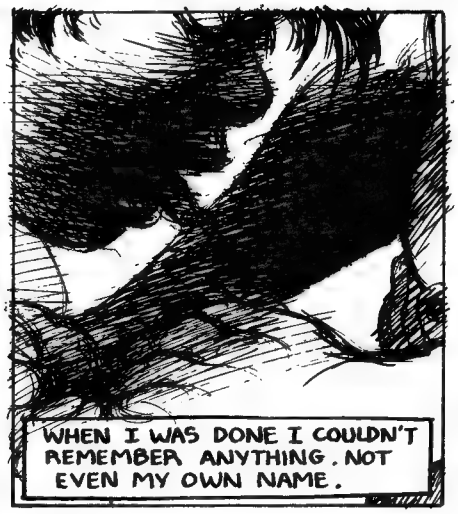
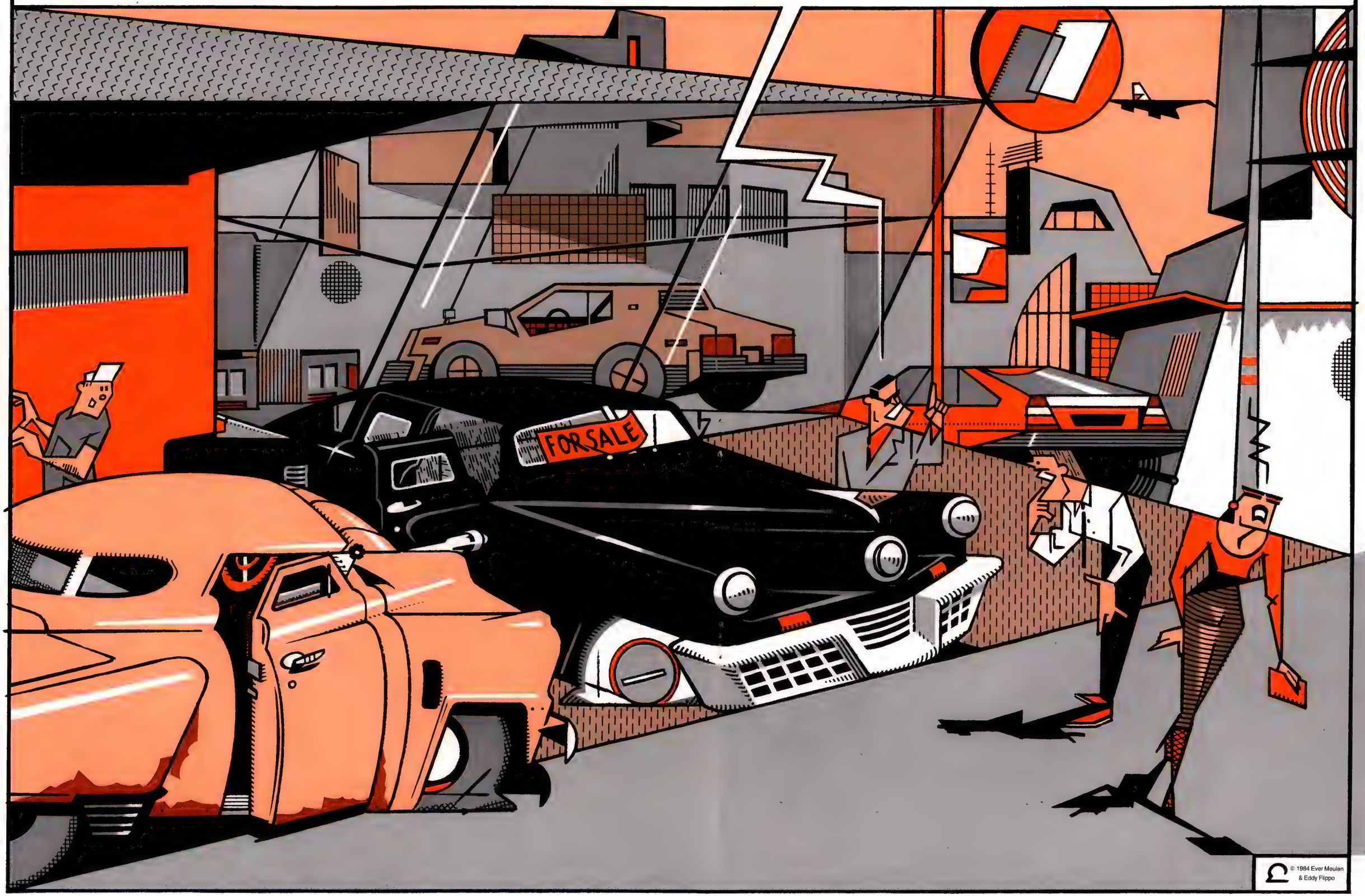
I FELT HYPNOTIZED.



USE THE MOOD OF THE PAST TO REWIRE YOUR BRAIN FOR THE FUTURE!



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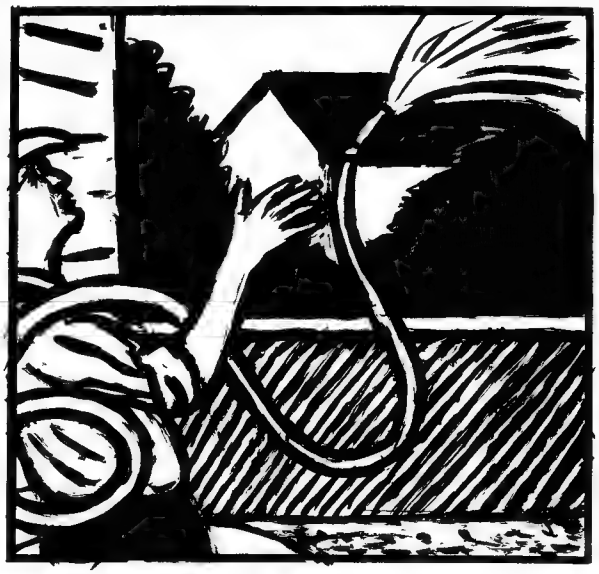

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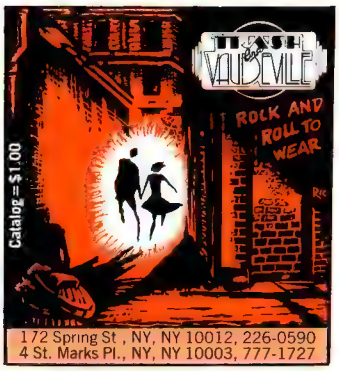
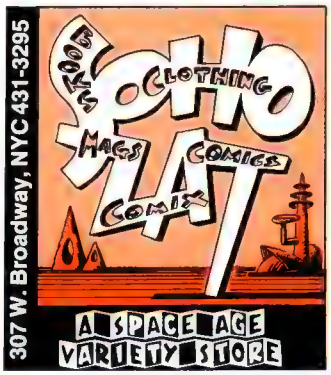
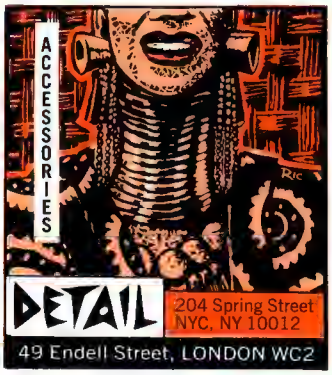
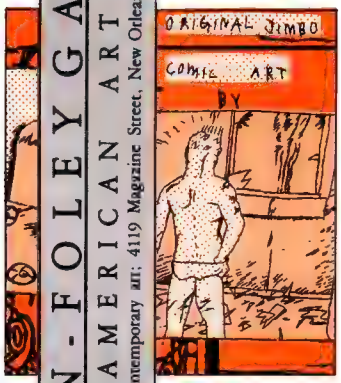
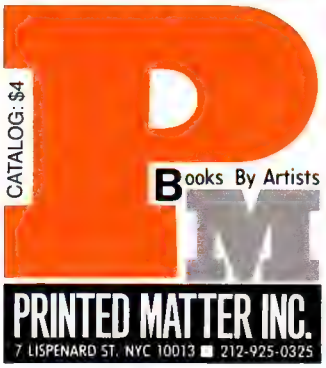
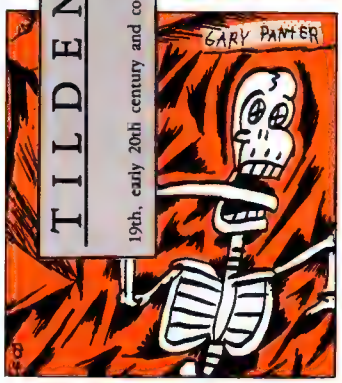


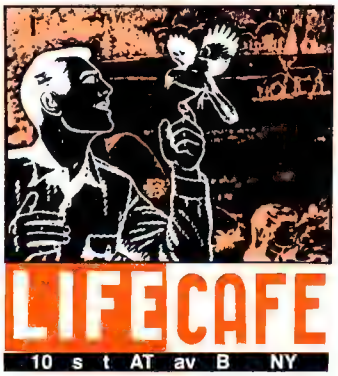


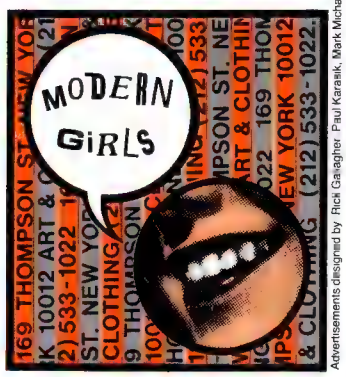






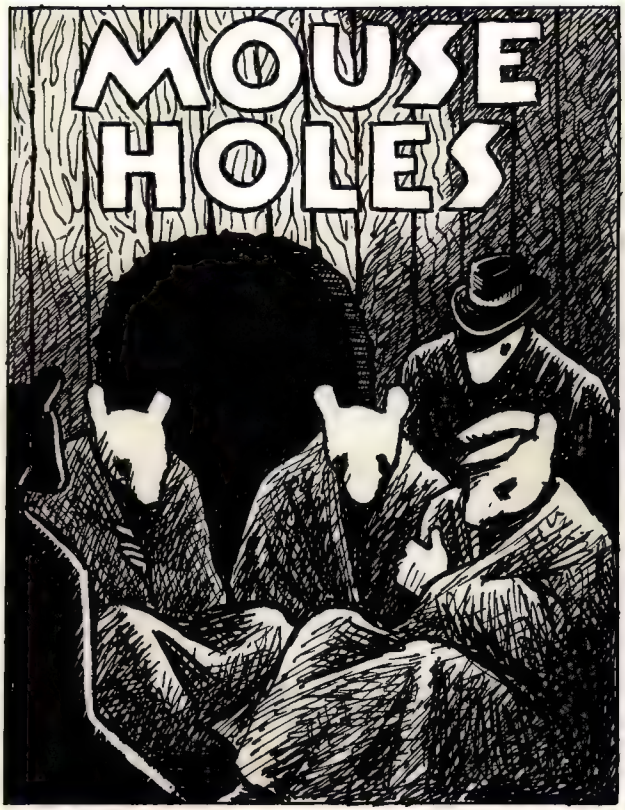






Advertisements designed by: Rick Gallagher, Paul Karasik, Mark Michaelson, Charles Burns, Mark Newgarden, Tomas Bunk & art spiegelman

MAUS



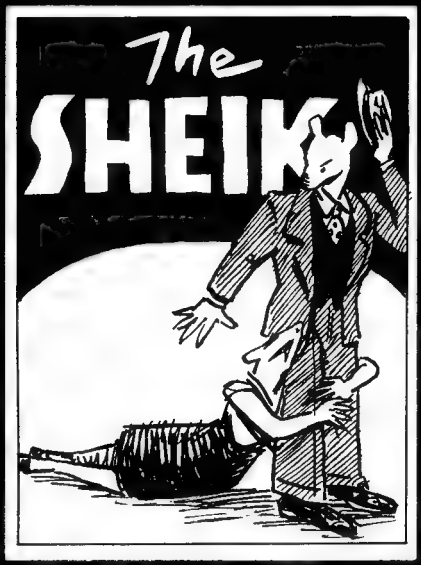
CHAPTER FIVE

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER ONE

Art Spiegelman makes a series of visits to his father, Vladek, a Polish Jew living in Queens, to gather information for a book about his parents' life during World War Two. Anja, the author's mother, is dead. Vladek's second wife, Mala, is also a Polish concentration camp survivor. Vladek and Mala don't get along.

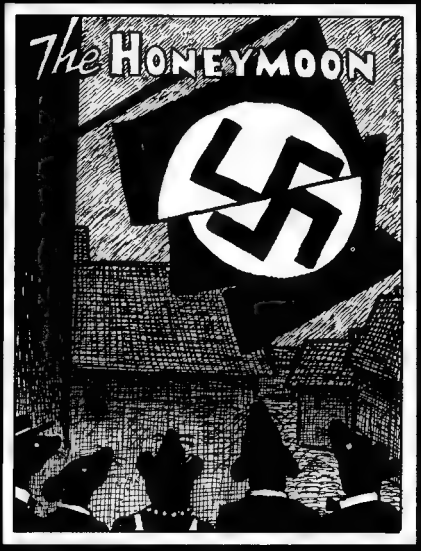
Vladek tells Art of his pre-war life in Poland where he made a modest living as a fabric salesman. He describes himself as a handsome young man, sought after by the ladies. In 1937 he married Anja Zylberberg. She was not especially pretty, but very bright and from a wealthy family.



CHAPTER TWO

Vladek complains to Art of his health problems: his two heart attacks, diabetes, cataracts. He tells Art that after marrying Anja he moved into her family's household in Sosnowiec. He learned, to his dismay, that she was secretly involved in Communist activities. She was almost arrested, but her father used his money to protect her. He also set Vladek up with his own textile factory in nearby Bielsko.

At the end of 1937 Anja gave birth to a son, Richieu. Shortly thereafter, Anja, always frail and high-strung, had a nervous breakdown. Vladek accompanied her to a private sanitarium in Czechoslovakia. On the way there they saw a swastika for the first time. After Anja's recovery, everything went relatively well for a year or so, until August 24, 1939, when Vladek was drafted into the Polish army.



MAUS: A Survivor's Tale. Chapter Five—Mouse Holes.

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CHAPTER THREE

In September 1939 Vladek was called to the front and was soon captured by the Germans. Jewish war prisoners were segregated from the rest and had to live in tents through a severe winter with very little food. Vladek and some others volunteered to work for a German company in exchange for better living conditions.

In February, 1940, after months of hard labor, they were taken to Lublin, believing they were to be released. They learned that a group of Jewish war prisoners who had arrived there a few days earlier had all been taken to the woods and shot. Fortunately, the Lublin Jewish Council was able to arrange the release of Vladek's group by bribing the Nazis. Vladek, in disguise, sneaked back to his family in Sosnowiec.

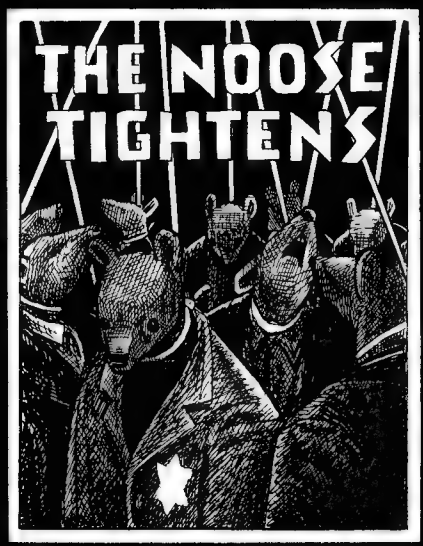
CHAPTER FOUR

He moved back into the Zylberberg household, which consisted of: Anja and Richieu; Anja's parents and 90 year old grandparents; Anja's sister, Tosha; Tosha's husband, Wolfe, who worked for the Jewish Community Organization, and daughter, Bibi; Anja's brother's children, Lolek and Lonia. (Lolek's and Lonia's parents were visiting the N.Y. World's Fair when the war broke out.)

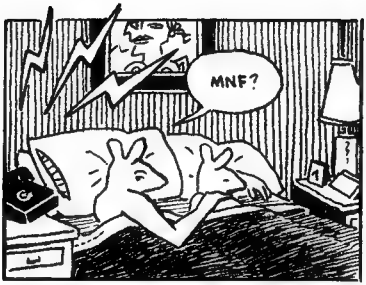
Food was severely rationed and the family was living on savings. Vladek began trading on the black market until several acquaintances were hanged for similar offences.

In the beginning of 1942 the family was moved into smaller quarters. In the spring Anja's grandparents were taken away, despite the family's attempt to hide them. In the summer all 30,000 Jews of Sosnowiec had to go to a stadium to get their passports stamped. One third of the Jews were never released, but were sent to Auschwitz—including Vladek's father.

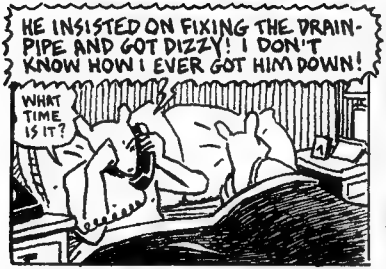
Vladek tells Art that Anja kept diaries of her experiences. Art tries, without success, to find them.



Copies of chapters two, three and four, as they appeared in RAW, are available for $1.25 each, postpaid, from **RAW BOOKS, 27 Greene St. NYC 10013.** (Chapter 3 includes miniature reproductions of most of the pages in the first two chapters.)


MNF?

HELLO, ARTIE? I'M TELLING YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR FATHER-HE JUST CLIMBED ONTO THE ROOF!..
UNH? MALA?


HE INSISTED ON FIXING THE DRAIN-PIPE AND GOT DIZZY! I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER GOT HIM DOWN!
WHAT TIME IS IT?

NOW HE WANTS TO CLIMB BACK UP! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!
PLEASE DON'T SHOUT.

WHY DON'T YOU CALL A HANDYMAN? JEEZ, MALA, IT'S ONLY 7:30 AM. FRANCOISE AND I WERE UP 'TIL 4:00! YOU KNOW WE DON'T GET UP 'TIL-
HELLO? ARTIE? IT'S POPPA HERE.

I'M TELLING YOU, MALA MAKES ME MESHUGAH! I WANT THAT MAYBE YOU COULD COME NOW TO QUEENS TO HELP ME.
WHAT? YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG I COULD DO BY MYSELF THESE THINGS. BUT NOW, DARLING I NEED IT YOUR HELP FOR THE DRAINPIPE!
UM-LOOK, POP. I'LL CALL YOU BACK AFTER I'VE HAD SOME COFFEE.

WHEW. MAYBE I WAS DREAMING.
WUZZIT? YOUR FATHER AGAIN?

UH-HUH. HE WANTS ME TO GO HELP HIM FIX HIS ROOF OR SOMETHING. SHIT! EVEN AS A KID I HATED HELPING HIM AROUND THE HOUSE.

HE LOVED SHOWING OFF HOW HANDY HE WAS... AND PROVING THAT ANYTHING I DID WAS ALL WRONG.
HE MADE ME COMPLETELY NEUROTIC ABOUT FIXING STUFF.

I MEAN, I DIDN'T EVEN OWN A HAMMER BEFORE WE MOVED INTO THIS PLACE!
ONE REASON I BECAME AN ARTIST WAS THAT HE THOUGHT IT WAS IMPRACTICAL-JUST A WASTE OF TIME ...

...IT WAS AN AREA WHERE I WOULDN'T HAVE TO COMPETE WITH HIM.
SO... ARE YOU GOING OUT TO QUEENS?

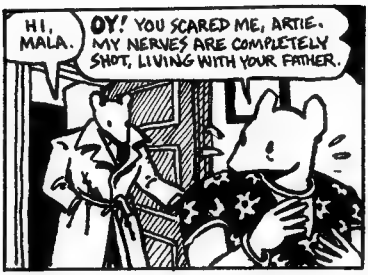
NO WAY - I'D RATHER FEEL GUILTY! BESIDES, I'M TOO BUSY, AND HE CAN EASILY AFFORD TO HIRE SOMEBODY.

UH, HELLO POP. LISTEN... ABOUT THAT DRAINPIPE... I DON'T THINK I CAN COME. I -
SO? NEVER MIND ARTIE...

I TALKED JUST NOW TO FRANK, WHAT LIVES NEXT DOOR. HE AGREED HE WOULD FIX WITH ME OVER THE WEEKEND.
THAT'S GREAT!

YES. OF COURSE, BETTER. IT WOULD BE FIXED TODAY - BUT AT LEAST SOMEBODY WILL HELP ME!
JUST GREAT.

About a week later, early afternoon...


HI, MALA.
OY! YOU SCARED ME, ARTIE. MY NERVES ARE COMPLETELY SHOT, LIVING WITH YOUR FATHER.

HE SEEMED A LITTLE UPSET WHEN I SAW HIM DOWNSTAIRS.. DO YOU THINK HE'S ANGRY THAT I DIDN'T COME HELP HIM LAST WEEK?
I DON'T THINK SO..

BUT KEEPING THIS HOUSE FIXED UP IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM NOW. I KEEP TELLING HIM TO SELL IT AND BUY A CONDO IN MIAMI.
HE SEEMS DEPRESSED.

IT COULD BE THAT COMIC STRIP YOU ONCE MADE - THE ONE ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.
WHAT?

VLADEK SAW IT FOR THE FIRST TIME A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT "PRISONER ON THE HELL PLANET?"

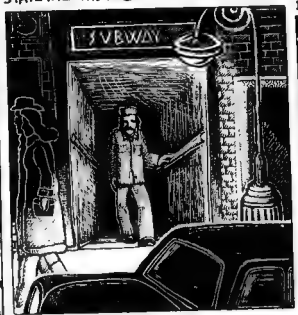
MY FRIEND, RUTHIE, HAS A SON IN COLLEGE. HE READS ALL THE COMICS. HE SHOWED IT TO HER, AND SHE GAVE ME A COPY.
SHIT!...

I KNEW IT WOULD UPSET YOUR FATHER, SO I KEPT IT HIDDEN. BUT, SOMEHOW HE FOUND IT.
I DREW THIS STORY YEARS AGO.

IT APPEARED IN AN OBSCURE UNDERGROUND COMIC BOOK. I NEVER THOUGHT VLADEK WOULD SEE IT.
PRISONER ON THE HELL PLANET

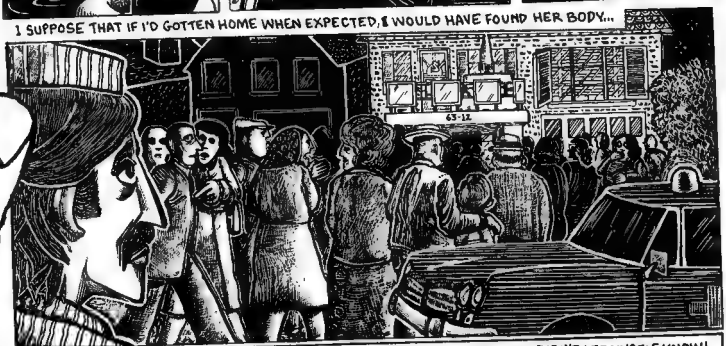
MY FATHER FOUND HER WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM WORK... HER WRISTS SLASHED AND AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF PILLS NEARBY...

I WAS LIVING WITH MY PARENTS, AS I AGREED TO DO ON MY RELEASE FROM THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL 3 MONTHS BEFORE.



I'D JUST SPENT THE WEEKEND WITH MY GIRLFRIEND, ISABEL. (MY PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE HER.) I WAS LATE GETTING HOME...

I SUPPOSE THAT IF I'D GOTTEN HOME WHEN EXPECTED, I WOULD HAVE FOUND HER BODY...



WHEN I SAW THE CROWD I HAD A PANG OF FEAR...I SUSPECTED THE WORST, BUT DIDN'T LET MYSELF KNOW!

A COUSIN HERDED ME AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

COME TO THE DOCTOR'S.... YOUR MOTHER IS -AW- SICK!... HE WILL EXPLAIN .....

DOCTOR ORENS LIVED NEARBY...

SIT DOWN, ARTHUR... I THOUGHT I SHOULD BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU...

YOUR MOTHER KILLED HERSELF — SHE'S DEAD!

I COULD AVOID THE TRUTH NO LONGER — THE DOCTOR'S WORDS CLATTERED INSIDE ME.... I FELT CONFUSED. I FELT ANGRY, I FELT NUMB!... I DIDN'T EXACTLY FEEL LIKE CRYING; BUT FIGURED I SHOULD!....

SHE'S DEAD! A SUICIDE!

NOW, NOW, BOY...

NO, LET HIM CRY — IT'S GOOD FOR HIM!

WE WENT HOME... MY FATHER HAD COMPLETELY FALLEN APART! ....

OY, ARTIE! WHY? WHY! SUCH A TRAGEDY? AND NOT EVEN A NOTE!!!

I WAS EXPECTED TO COMFORT *HIM*!

MOTHER... MOTHER...

SOMEHOW THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE...

...AND FOR $950.00 WE HAVE A BRONZE CASKET WITH BRONZE COLORED VELVET — OF COURSE. FOR $2,000.00 WE CAN...

PROTECT WHAT YOU HAVE

THAT NIGHT WAS BAD... MY FATHER INSISTED WE SLEEP ON THE FLOOR-AN OLD JEWISH CUSTOM, I GUESS. HE HELD ME AND MOANED TO HIMSELF ALL NIGHT. I WAS UNCOMFORTABLE... WE WERE SCARED!
THE NEXT DAY AT THE FUNERAL HOME WAS WORSE...
יתגדל ויתקדש שמה רבא בעלמא
MY FATHER FOUGHT FOR SELF-CONTROL AND PRAYED... I WAS PRETTY SPACED OUT IN THOSE DAYS-I RECITED TO MY MOTHER FROM THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD!
די ברא כרעותה וימליך...
"O NOBLY BORN... IN YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH THE FORMLESS VOID, REMEMBER THE UNITY OF ALL LIVING THINGS..."
IT WAS TOO MUCH-I HAD TO LEAVE...
A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY FOUND ME OUT IN THE HALL....
NOW YOU CRY! BETTER YOU CRIED WHEN YOUR MOTHER WAS STILL ALIVE!
I FELT NAUSEOUS .... THE GUILT WAS OVERWHELMING!
FUNERAL

THE NEXT WEEK WE SPENT IN MOURNING... MY FATHER'S FRIENDS ALL OFFERED ME HOSTILLY MIXED IN WITH THEIR CONDOLENCES...

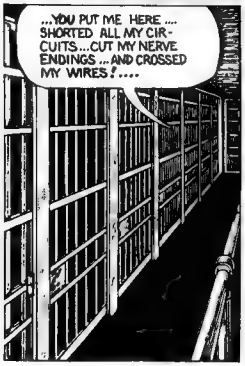
...BUT, FOR THE MOST PART, I WAS LEFT ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS...

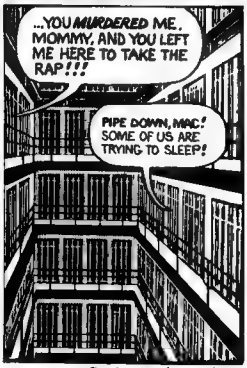
I REMEMBERED THE LAST TIME I SAW HER...

SHE CAME INTO MY ROOM... IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT....

...I TURNED AWAY, RESENTFUL OF THE WAY SHE TIGHTENED THE UMBILICAL CORD...

WELL, MOM, IF YOU'RE LISTENING...





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GEE. I'M SURPRISED THAT VLADEK READ THIS WHEN HE FOUND IT. HE NEVER READS COMICS...
HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK AT MY WORK WHEN I STICK IT UNDER HIS NOSE.
BUT THIS ISN'T LIKE OTHER COMICS...
I TELL YOU, WHEN RUTHIE SHOWED IT TO ME I THOUGHT I'D FAINT. I WAS SO SHOCKED.
IT WAS SO... SO PERSONAL!
...BUT VERY ACCURATE... OBJECTIVE. I SPENT A LOT OF TIME HELPING OUT HERE AFTER ANJA'S FUNERAL. IT WAS JUST AS YOU SAID.
SO, ARTIE. I'M READY.
WE CAN WALK NOW TO THE BANK TOGETHER.
MALA JUST TOLD ME THAT YOU SAW MY COMIC ...THE ONE ABOUT MOM.
YES. I FOUND IT WHEN I LOOKED FOR THE THINGS YOU ASKED ME LAST TIME. HOO! I SAW THE PICTURE THERE OF MOM, SO I READ IT... AND I CRIED.
I-I'M SORRY.
IT'S GOOD YOU GOT IT OUTSIDE YOUR SYSTEM.
BUT FOR ME IT BROUGHT IN MY MIND SO MUCH MEMORIES OF ANJA.
...OF COURSE I'M THINKING ALWAYS ABOUT HER ANYWAY.
YES. YOU KEEP PHOTOS OF HER ALL AROUND YOUR DESK-LIKE A SHRINE!
WHAT HAVE I TO DO, MALA? IN THE GARBAGE PUT THEM? OF YOU ALSO I HAVE A PHOTO ON THE DESK!
ACH! DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS!

YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE WITH HER? ALWAYS, WHATEVER I DO IS NO GOOD.

DID YOU FIND MOM'S DIARY?

SO FAR THIS DIDN'T SHOW UP. I LOOKED, BUT I CAN'T FIND.

I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT!

ANOTHER TIME I'LL AGAIN LOOK. BUT NOW BETTER WE GO TO THE BANK.

OKAY.

..EVERY DAY I WALK, OTHERWISE IN MY LEGS THE CIRCULATION MAKES ME A CRAMP- IT'S SOMETHING TERRIBLE AND I CAN'T SLEEP.

BUT FOR MY HEART, I MUST WALK SLOW.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AND ANJA AFTER THE BIG SELECTION AT THE STADIUM.

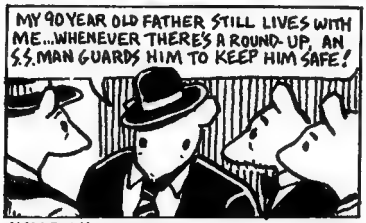
WELL, FOR A TIME IT WAS EVERYTHING QUIET. THEN IN 1943 CAME AN ORDER: ALL JEWS WHAT ARE LEFT IN SOSNOWIEC MUST GO TO LIVE IN AN OLD VILLAGE NEARBY CALLED SRODULA.

AND THE POLES OF SRODULA, WE JEWS HAD TO PAY TO MOVE THEM TO OUR HOUSES IN SOSNOWIEC... AND HERE IN SRODULA WOULD BE OUR GHETTO TO LIVE EVER AFTER.

WOHNGEBIET JUDEN BETRETEN

OUR FAMILY GOT A COTTAGE-LESS SPACE THAN BEFORE, BUT WE HAD AT LEAST WHERE TO LIVE. MANY LIVED ONLY IN THE STREET.

EACH DAY WE WERE TAKEN TO SOSNOWIEC, TO WORK IN GERMAN 'SHOPS'...
ANJA, WITH HER SISTER, TOSHA, THEY WORKED IN A CLOTHINGS FACTORY...
AND I WENT, TOGETHER WITH MY NEPHEW, LOLEK, TO A WOODWORK SHOP.
EVERY DAY THE GUARDS MARCHED US ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF TO WORK.
THE GUARDS, IT WAS JEWS WITH BIG STICKS. THEY ACTED SO, JUST LIKE THE GERMANS.
...AND EVERY NIGHT THEY MARCHED US BACK, COUNTED US, AND LOCKED US IN.
VLADEK! LOLEK! HURRY HOME!
ANJA! WHAT IS IT?
WOLFE'S UNCLE PERSIS IS AT OUR HOUSE!
FROM ZAWIERCIE?
YES. HE'S A BIG SHOT THERE...THE HEAD OF THEIR JEWISH COUNCIL.
HE WANTS WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI TO GO LIVE WITH HIM IN ZAWIERCIE.



NINETY! THIS WAS 1943! IT WASN'T LEFT ANY OTHER JEWS WHAT HAD NINETY YEARS!

ANJA'S MOTHER DIDN'T LIKE TO LOOK AT THE FACTS. BUT FINALLY EVEN SHE AGREED.

SO PERSIS ARRANGED, AND HE CAME AGAIN TO SRODULA.
IT WENT WITH HIM WOLFE, TOSHA AND BIBI
LOLEK'S LITTLE SISTER, LONIA
AND OUR BOY, RICHIEU.
WE WATCHED UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED FROM OUR EYES...
IT WAS THE LAST TIME EVER WE SAW THEM; BUT THAT WE COULDN'T KNOW.
WHEN THINGS CAME WORSE IN OUR GHETTO WE SAID ALWAYS: "THANK GOD THE KIDS ARE WITH PERSIS, SAFE."
THAT SPRING, ON ONE DAY, THE GERMANS TOOK FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ OVER 1,000 PEOPLE.
MOST THEY TOOK WERE KIDS – SOME ONLY 2 OR 3 YEARS.
SOME KIDS WERE SCREAMING AND SCREAMING. THEY COULDN'T STOP.
SO THE GERMANS SWINGED THEM BY THE LEGS AGAINST A WALL...
AND THEY NEVER ANYMORE SCREAMED.
IN THIS WAY THE GERMANS TREATED THE LITTLE ONES WHAT STILL HAD SURVIVED A LITTLE.
THIS I DIDN'T SEE WITH MY OWN EYES, BUT SOMEBODY THE NEXT DAY TOLD ME. AND I SAID, "THANK GOD WITH PERSIS OUR CHILDREN ARE SAFE!"

SO.. WHAT HAPPENED TO RICHIEU?
ACH! OUR BEAUTIFUL BOY. WE ONLY FOUND OUT MUCH LATER.

A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE SENT RICHIEU TO ZAWIERCIE, THE GERMANS DECIDED THEY WOULD FINISH OUT THAT GHETTO.
BANG BANG
MORE GUNSHOTS! WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S HORRIBLE, TOSHA!...

ALL THE GESTAPO IN THE GHETTO HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY OTHERS FROM OPOLE. THEY JUST SHOT PERSIS AND THE REST OF THE JEWISH COUNCIL!..
WHAT?

THEY'RE EVACUATING ZAWIERCIE. WE'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE SQUARE WITH OUR BAGGAGE RIGHT AWAY. THEY'RE SENDING ALL OF US OUT - TO AUSCHWITZ!
OH MY GOD.

NO!

I WON'T GO TO THEIR GAS CHAMBERS!...

AND MY CHILDREN WON'T GO TO THEIR GAS CHAMBERS.

BIBI! LONIA! RICHIEU! COME HERE QUICKLY!
ALWAYS TOSHA CARRIED AROUND HER NECK SOME POISON... SHE KILLED NOT ONLY HERSELF, BUT ALSO THE 3 CHILDREN.

I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS A TRAGEDY AMONG TRAGEDIES. HE WAS SUCH A HAPPY, BEAUTIFUL BOY!

DID TOSHA'S HUSBAND SURVIVE?
NO. ON THE TRAIN TO AUSCHWITZ HE TRIED TO ESCAPE AND THEY SHOT HIM.
HARDLY ANY SURVIVED. BUT THESE THINGS WE LEARNED ONLY MUCH LATER. IN OUR BUNKERS WE HEARD ONLY RUMORS.
YOUR "BUNKERS?"
YES, WE HAD IN SRODULA TO MAKE FOR OUR SELVES "BUNKERS," PLACES TO HIDE.
THE GERMANS STARTED TO GRAB OUT ANYBODY, IF HE HAD PAPERS OR NO.
THEREFORE I ARRANGED FOR US A VERY GOOD HIDING SPOT - IN OUR CELLAR, WHERE IT WAS COAL STORAGE.
SHOW TO ME YOUR PENCIL AND I CAN EXPLAIN YOU... SUCH THINGS IT'S GOOD TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW WAS IT - JUST IN CASE...
=SIDE VIEW=
ground floor
KITCHEN
outer wall.
COAL BIN
false bottom piled with coal
removable wood panel allows entry
ENTRANCE
Bin bolted to floor.
CELLAR
false outer wall
BUNKER
coal
ladder
IN THE KITCHEN WAS A COAL CABINET MAYBE 4 FOOT WIDE. INSIDE I MADE A HOLE TO GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR.
AND THERE WE MADE A BRICK WALL FILLED HIGH WITH COAL. BEHIND THIS WALL WE COULD BE A LITTLE SAFE.

EVEN WHEN THEY CAME WITH DOGS TO SMELL US OUT - AND THEY KNEW THAT JEWS ARE LAYING HERE - BUT STILL THEY COULDN'T FIND.

THE DOGS RAN UP AND DOWN LIKE MAD. BUT IN THE COAL BIN WAS ONLY COAL. IT LOOKED FULL AND THEY COULDN'T LIFT IT. AND THE CELLAR, IT WAS ONLY A CELLAR.

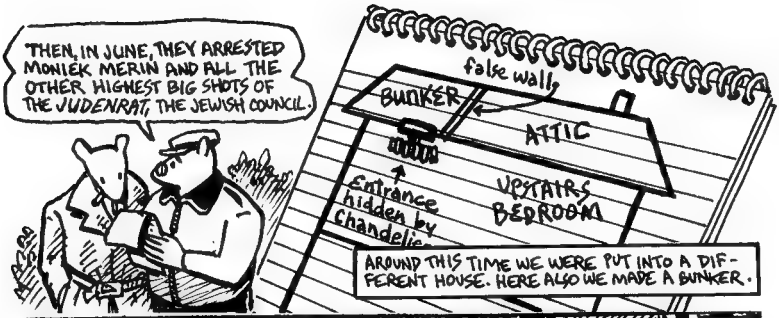
IS IT SAFE TO GO OUT YET? I CAN'T STAND ALL THESE WORMS CRAWLING OVER ME.

THE GERMANS ARE LEAVING!

WE HAD WORMS THERE IN THAT BUNKER.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FOOD TO STAY HERE A COUPLE OF DAYS. WE'D BETTER WAIT 'TIL THINGS QUIET DOWN.

WE SURVIVED THERE A FEW ACTIONS. BUT OTHERS, WHAT DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A GOOD PLACE LIKE WHAT I MADE, THEY KEPT BEING TAKEN AWAY.

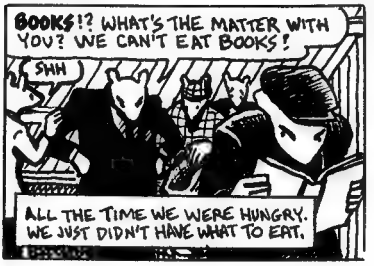

THEN, IN JUNE, THEY ARRESTED MONIEK MERIN AND ALL THE OTHER HIGHEST BIG SHOTS OF THE JUDENRAT, THE JEWISH COUNCIL.
false wall
BUNKER
ATTIC
Entrance hidden by chandelier
UPSTAIRS BEDROOM
AROUND THIS TIME WE WERE PUT INTO A DIFFERENT HOUSE. HERE ALSO WE MADE A BUNKER.

BY THE END OF JULY THE NAZIS MADE TO LIQUIDATE COMPLETELY OUR GHETTO - IT WAS 10,000 JEWS TAKEN AWAY IN ONE WEEK.
EXCEPT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD, WE STAYED MOSTLY IN THE BUNKER.

LOLEK! THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE!
IT'S LIKE A BATTLEFIELD OUTSIDE!

THERE'S HARDLY ANYONE LEFT IN SRODULA. EVERYONE HAS BEEN DEPORTED OR SHOT.
FROM ALL THE JEWS OF ALL SOSNOWIEC IT WAS LEFT MAYBE 1,000 IN THE GHETTO.

AT LEAST YOUR BAG IS FULL... YOU FOUND A LOT OF FOOD, YES?
JUST A FEW OLD TURNIPS... AND SOME BOOKS.


BOOKS!? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WE CAN'T EAT BOOKS!
SHH
ALL THE TIME WE WERE HUNGRY. WE JUST DIDN'T HAVE WHAT TO EAT.

ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SNEAK FOR FOOD...

LOOK! A STRANGER!

!

WE DRAGGED HIM UP TO OUR BUNKER

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I-I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE LIVED HERE! I JUST STOPPED TO REST A MOMENT.

MY WIFE AND I HAVE A STARVING BABY. I WAS OUT HUNTING FOR SCRAPS!

HE'S LYING!

HE MAY BE AN INFORMER. THE SAFEST THING WOULD BE TO KILL HIM!

WHAT HAD WE TO DO? WE TOOK ON HIM PITY.

IN THE MORNING WE GAVE A LITTLE FOOD TO HIM AND LEFT HIM GO TO HIS FAMILY...

JUDEN RAUS!

...THE GESTAPO CAME THAT AFTERNOON.

THEY TOOK US TO A BUILDING IN A PART OF SRODULA SEPARATED BY WIRES— A GHETTO INSIDE THE GHETTO—AND THERE WE HAD TO SIT AND TO WAIT.

WE WERE MAYBE 200 PEOPLE TOGETHER WAITING... EACH WEDNESDAY WENT VANS TO AUSCHWITZ. WHEN WE WERE CAUGHT, IT WAS THEN MAYBE A THURSDAY.
LOOK, ANJA! THAT'S MY COUSIN, JAKOV SPIEGELMAN IN THE COURTYARD.
HEY! JAKOV! HELP! JAKOV-HELP US!
VLADEK?! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO!
I MADE SIGNS TO SHOW I COULD PAY.
SOME GOLD I HID IN THE CHIMNEY OF OUR BUNKER WHEN THEY TOOK US. BUT A FEW VALUABLES I HAD STILL WITH ME.
OKAY. DON'T WORRY! HASKEL WILL COME HELP YOU!
HASKEL SPIEGELMAN WAS ANOTHER COUSIN.
WOULDN'T THEY HAVE HELPED YOU EVEN IF YOU COULDN'T PAY? I MEAN, YOU WERE FROM THE SAME FAMILY..
MAH! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
AT THAT TIME IT WASN'T ANYMORE FAMILIES. IT WAS EVERYBODY TO TAKE CARE FOR HIMSELF!

THE NEXT DAY CAME IN TWO GIRLS CARRYING FOOD. WITH THEM CAME HASKEL, A CHIEF OF THE JEWISH POLICE.

(LOOK, VLADEK. I CAN GET YOU AND YOUR WIFE OUT—EVEN YOUR NEPHEW. BUT YOUR IN-LAWS ARE TOO OLD. THEY'LL NEVER GET PAST THE GUARDS)

PLEASE! WE'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.

THE TWO GIRLS HE SENT BACK TO THE KITCHEN.

OKAY, BOY. GRAB THIS EMPTY PAIL AND CARRY IT OUT WITH ME.

FROM THE WINDOW WE SAW LOLEK GO.

MY GOD, VLADEK...

YOU MUST GET MASHA AND ME OUT TOO. GIVE YOUR COUSIN THIS GOLD WATCH, THIS DIAMOND—ANYTHING!

OF COURSE I-I'LL DO EVERY-THING I CAN.

THE DAY AFTER, ANJA AND I CARRIED PAST THE GUARDS THE EMPTY PAILS.

HASKEL TOOK FROM ME FATHER-IN-LAW'S JEWELS. BUT, FINALLY, HE *DIDN'T* HELP THEM.

ON WEDNESDAY THE VANS CAME. ANJA AND I SAW HER FATHER AT THE WINDOW. HE WAS TEARING HIS HAIR AND CRYING.

HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE, BUT EVEN THIS DIDN'T SAVE HIM HIS LIFE.

SO MOM'S PARENTS DIED IN AUSCHWITZ?
NU? WHAT ELSE? RIGHT AWAY THEY WENT TO THE GAS.
HASKEL WAS HAPPY TO TAKE FROM FATHER-IN-LAW THE JEWELS - BUT THE RISK TO SAVE THEM, THIS HE WAS NOT SO HAPPY TO TAKE.
ALWAYS HASKEL WAS SUCH A GUY: A KOMBINATOR.
A WHAT?
A GUY WHAT MAKES KOMBINACYA, A SCHEMER...A CROOK.
WHAT DID YOU PICK UP?
TELEPHONE WIRE. THIS IT'S VERY HARD TO FIND.
INSIDE IT'S LITTLE WIRES. IT'S GOOD FOR TYING THINGS.
YOU ALWAYS PICK UP TRASH! CAN'T YOU JUST BUY WIRE?
PSSH. WHY ALWAYS YOU WANT TO BUY WHEN YOU CAN FIND!?..ANYWAY, THIS WIRE THEY DON'T HAVE IT IN ANY STORES.
I'LL GIVE TO YOU SOME WIRE. YOU'LL SEE HOW USEFUL IT IS
NO THANKS! JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED WITH HASKEL.
THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT A THOUSAND JEWS LEFT HERE. MOST WORK AT THE BRAUN SHOE SHOP.
HASKEL WAS A VERY BIG MAN IN THE GHETTO THEN, WHEN SRODULA WAS FINISHING.
I'LL REGISTER YOU BOTH THERE, AND - GOOD AFTERNOON SERGEANT!
HOW ARE YOU, HERR SPIEGELMAN.
HASKEL PLAYER VERY OFTEN, CARDS WITH THE GESTAPO.
WE'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT, YES?
NATURALLY. I JUST HOPE YOU WON'T BE AS LUCKY AS LAST TIME.
HE LOST TO THEM BIG AMOUNTS OF MONEY, SO THEY WOULD LIKE HIM.

HASKEL HAD 2 BROTHERS, PESACH AND MILOCH. PESACH WAS ALSO A KOMBINATOR. BUT MILOCH, HE WAS A FINE FELLOW.

HASKEL IS ALIVE STILL IN POLAND, WITH A POLISH WOMAN, A JUDGE, WHAT KEPT HIM HIDDEN WHEN HYAAK!
MMY HEART - ARTIE! QUICK! TAKE FROM MY POCKET A NITROSTAT PILL.
H-HERE. YOU OKAY?
HOOSH
I-I'LL BE FINE NOW. I HAVE ONLY TO CATCH MY BREATH STILL FOR A MINUTE.
LET'S SIT ON THAT STOOP.
JUST RELAX. DON'T TALK FOR AWHILE.
HOOH! I MADE TOO FAST, OUR WALKING!
THANK GOD, WITH THE NITROSTAT IT'S COMPLETELY OVER RIGHT AWAY! WHAT WAS I TELLING YOU ?
YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?
WELL... YOU WERE SAYING THAT HASKEL SURVIVED THE WAR.
YES. EVEN A FEW YEARS AGO I SENT HIM PACKAGES.
GIFTS? WHY? HE SOUNDS LIKE A ROTTEN GUY!
YES. I DON'T KNOW WHY. I KNOW ONLY THAT I SENT.
YOU KNOW, ONE TIME I WAS IN THE GHETTO WALKING AROUND...
HALT JEW!
GIVE ME YOUR I.D. PAPERS.. I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT.
AH. I SEE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SPIEGELMAN FAMILY... GO ON YOUR WAY THEN, AND GIVE HASKEL MY REGARDS.
.... SUCH FRIENDS HASKEL HAD.

I TOLD HASKEL AND MILOCH LATER ABOUT THIS.

BUT COUSIN PESACH WAS REALLY SELLING CAKE! EVERYONE WHAT COULD AFFORD IT STOOD ON LINE TO BUY A PIECE...

SOME OF THE FLOUR PESACH FOUND - IT WASN'T *REALLY* FLOUR, ONLY LAUNDRY SOAP, WHAT HE PUT IN THE CAKE BY MISTAKE.

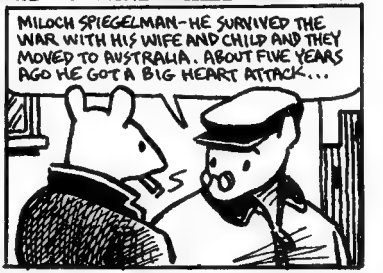
BEFORE THE WAR PESACH HAD A RESORT HOTEL IN ZAKOPANE...
IN THOSE DAYS ALSO HE FOUND ALWAYS SCHEMES.

ALL GUESTS HAD TO PAY BIG POLISH TAXES... SO PESACH TOOK BRIBES TO NOT REGISTER THEM.
BUT IF AN INSPECTOR CAME, THE GUESTS HAD TO HIDE THEMSELVES AWAY.

ONE TIME HIS WIFE MADE NOT ENOUGH DESSERTS TO GIVE TO EVERYBODY...
SO PESACH RAN INTO THE DINING ROOM AND YELLED, "INSPECTORS ARE COMING!"

IT WAS NO INSPECTOR OF COURSE. BUT 40% OF THE GUESTS RAN FAST FROM THE ROOM.
...PESACH HAD ENOUGH DESSERTS LEFT OVER EVEN FOR THE NEXT DAY!
COME.

ARE YOU READY TO WALK AGAIN?
YES, IT'S TOO DIRTY TO SIT! ..BUT, REALLY, IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY NITROSTAT, IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST NOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE.


MILOCH SPIEGELMAN-HE SURVIVED THE WAR WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD AND THEY MOVED TO AUSTRALIA. ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO HE GOT A BIG HEART ATTACK...

AND LAST YEAR, HE GOT ON THE STREET A SEIZURE-LIKE WHAT I HAD JUST NOW... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE WITH HIM HIS PILLS. HIS WIFE RAN TO FIND A DRUG STORE.
WHEN SHE CAME BACK MILOCH WAS DEAD!

NU? SO LIFE GOES.
BUT I MUST FINISH QUICK TO TELL YOU THE REST ABOUT SRODULA, BECAUSE WE WILL COME SOON OVER TO THE BANK.
SALE

BY THE END OF 1943 THE VANS WENT EVERY WEDNESDAY WITH MORE AND MORE AND MORE PEOPLE FROM SRODULA TO AUSCHWITZ UNTIL IT WAS VERY FEW LEFT.

IT COULD BE OUR TURN SOON, EH VLADEK?

LET'S HOPE NOT, MILOCH.

HASKEL HEARD THAT ANY DAY NOW THEY INTEND TO DEPORT EVERYONE THAT'S STILL LEFT HERE.

MILOCH TOOK ME TO THE SHOE SHOP

IT WAS EARLY AND NOBODY WAS THERE...

HASKEL MADE PLANS TO SMUGGLE HIMSELF OUT OF THE GHETTO.

PESACH AND I HAVE A PLAN ALSO...

HE MOVED A FEW SHOES FROM A PILE HIGH TO THE CEILING...

...AND TOOK ME INSIDE A TUNNEL...

DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS EXCEPT ANJA AND YOUR NEPHEW.

...A TUNNEL MADE FROM SHOES!

WE CAME OUT TO A BUNKER...

BE PREPARED TO BRING THEM ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE!

INCREDIBLE!

EVERYTHING WAS READY HERE SO 15 OR 16 PEOPLE COULD HIDE.

...BUT WHEN ANJA AND I APPROACHED TO DISCUSS THIS BUNKER WITH LOLEK...

NO THANKS, FORGET IT!

BUT MILOCH ORGANIZED EVERYTHING!

I'M SICK OF HIDING!

OUR NEPHEW WAS THEN ONLY 15. HE WAS WORKING AS AN ELECTRICIAN.

ALWAYS LOLEK WAS A LITTLE MESHUGA...

I'M A SKILLED WORKER. WHEREVER THEY TAKE ME, I'LL BE OKAY.

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO THE OVENS!

AND HE DID GET PUT INTO ONE OF THE NEXT TRANSPORTS TO AUSCHWITZ.

ANJA BECAME COMPLETELY HYSTERICAL.

THE WHOLE FAMILY IS GONE! GRANDMA AND GRANDPA! POPPA! MOMMA! TOSHA! BIBI! MY RICHIEU!! NOW THEY'LL TAKE LOLEK!

IT WAS ALSO AROUND THIS TIME THAT WE HEARD FIRST THE BAD NEWS FROM ZAWIERCIE-ABOUT TOSHA AND RICHIEU.

OH GOD. LET ME DIE TOO!

COME ANJA, GET UP!

WHY ARE YOU PULLING ME, VLADEK! LET ME ALONE! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE!

NO, DARLING! TO DIE, IT'S EASY...

BUT YOU HAVE TO STRUGGLE FOR LIFE!

UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT WE MUST STRUGGLE TOGETHER! I NEED YOU!

AND YOU'LL SEE THAT TOGETHER WE'LL SURVIVE.

THIS ALWAYS I TOLD TO HER.

THE GHETTO FINISHED OUT SO LIKE MILOCH SAID. ABOUT TWELVE FROM US RAN INTO HIS BUNKER WITH HIM, HIS WIFE AND HIS THREE YEARS OLD BABY BOY.

GUTCHA. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THE BABY QUIET!

WAAH! I'M HUNGRY!

WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM UNDER BLANKETS UNTIL HE CALMS DOWN.

HUSH.

IN A BUNKER IN ANOTHER PART FROM THE SHOE SHOP LAY PESACH AND SOME OTHERS.

IT WAS NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY BUT TO LIE AND TO STARVE.

THE WHOLE DAY AND NIGHT ANJA SAT WRITING INTO HER NOTEBOOK.

THERE! I'VE MANAGED TO DIG A SMALL HOLE IN THE STONE WALL.

I CAN SEE SOLDIERS.

ALL AROUND WERE GUARDS TO FIND ANY WHO REMAINED HIDING.

WHAT LITTLE FOOD WE HAD, SOON IT WAS GONE.

OHH..I WISH I HAD SOME BREAD...I WISH I HAD SOME BREAD...I WISH-

QUIET! WE'RE ALL STARVING!

AT NIGHT WE SNEAKED OUT TO LOOK FOR WHAT TO EAT... BUT IT WAS NOTHING TO FIND.

HERE, ANJA- CHEW ON THIS.

YOU FOUND FOOD?

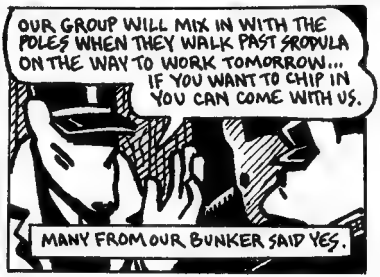
NEVER ANY OF US HAD BEEN SO HUNGRY LIKE THEN.

NO, IT'S ONLY WOOD.

BUT CHEWING IT FEELS A LITTLE LIKE EATING FOOD.

AFTER A TIME PESACH CAME OVER TO US FROM HIS BUNKER...
MAYBE YOU FOOLS ARE WILLING TO LIE HERE UNTIL YOU STARVE TO DEATH - BUT NOT ME!...

I'VE CONTACTED ONE OF THE GUARDS.
IT'LL COST A FORTUNE, BUT HE'S AGREED TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.


OUR GROUP WILL MIX IN WITH THE POLES WHEN THEY WALK PAST SRODULA ON THE WAY TO WORK TOMORROW... IF YOU WANT TO CHIP IN YOU CAN COME WITH US.
MANY FROM OUR BUNKER SAID YES.

MILOCH AND I, WE SAID NO TO THIS IDEA. WE DIDN'T TRUST TO THE GERMANS.
ONE GUY FROM OUR BUNKER, AVRAM, CAME TO ME.
BANK

HE SAID, "TELL ME WHEN YOU WILL GO OUT, VLADEK. THEN I'LL KNOW IT'S SAFE."
HE AND HIS GIRLFRIEND WANTED TO PAY ME TO ADVISE.

THEY HAD STILL 2 WATCHES AND SOME DIAMOND RINGS. I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE. THEY NEEDED THESE TO LIVE.
SO I TOOK ONLY THE SMALL WATCH.

THE NEXT MORNING, VERY EARLY, THE GROUP WALKED OUT.
THEY GAVE OVER THE MONEY AND WENT PAST THE GUARD.

I STOOD, SECRET, BEHIND A CORNER. I HEARD LOUD SHOOTING, AND I DIDN'T GO TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED...
TAK
TAK
TAK

I ONLY RAN VERY FAST BACK TO OUR BUNKER.

ONLY A FEW OF US REMAINED

THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY LIGHTS ON IN THE GUARD-HOUSE FOR TWO NIGHTS... I THINK IT'S SAFE.

A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN WE WENT OUT FROM SROPULR...

THEY'RE ALL GONE!

THE GHETTO IS EMPTY!

WHEW

WOHNE JUDE

AHEAD OF TIME WE ORGANIZED OUR-SELVES GOOD CLOTHES AND I.D. PAPERS.

WE MIXED WITH THE POLES GOING TO WORK.

WE'LL BE HIDING AT THIS AD-DRESS. WHEN YOU FIND A SAFE PLACE, TRY TO CONTACT US, VLADEK.

GOOD LUCK, MILOCH.

WE WENT ALL IN DIF-FERENT DIRECTIONS.

THAT GUY, AVRAM, HIS WOMAN HAD FRIENDS TO KEEP THEM.

AND THE FRIENDS KEPT THEM... UNTIL AVRAM'S MONEY FINISHED. THEN THEY WERE REPORTED.

ANJA AND I DIDN'T HAVE WHERE TO GO.

WE WALKED IN THE DIRECTION OF SOSNOWIEC - BUT ***WHERE TO GO?!***

IT WAS ***NOWHERE*** WE HAD TO HIDE.

CAN I HELP YOU, MR. SPIEGELMAN?

YES, I HAVE HERE MY SON, ARTIE. I WANT TO SIGN HIM A KEY. SO HE CAN GO ALSO TO MY SAFETY BOX.

IN CASE ANYTHING BAD HAPPENS TO ME YOU MUST RUN RIGHT AWAY OVER HERE.
THEREFORE I ARRANGED FOR YOU THIS KEY.

TAKE EVERYTHING OUT FROM THE SAFE. OTHERWISE IT CAN GO ONLY TO TAXES. OR MALA WILL GRAB IT.
PLEASE, POP...

TALKING ABOUT YOUR ESTATE JUST MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE.
YOU'RE NOW OLD ENOUGH SO WE MUST THINK OF THESE THINGS.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST ENJOY YOUR SAVINGS WHILE YOU STILL CAN?
I'LL KEEP IN MY DESK YOUR COPY OF THE KEY. YOU ONLY WOULD LOSE IT!

LOOK, YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE HERE? THIS CIGARETTE CASE AND THE LADY'S POWDER CASE - IT'S 14 KARATS GOLD.
UH HUH

THESE THINGS I HAD WITH ME THEN - IN SRODULA, IN THE CHANDELIER BUNKER.
REALLY? HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY STILL HAVE THEM?

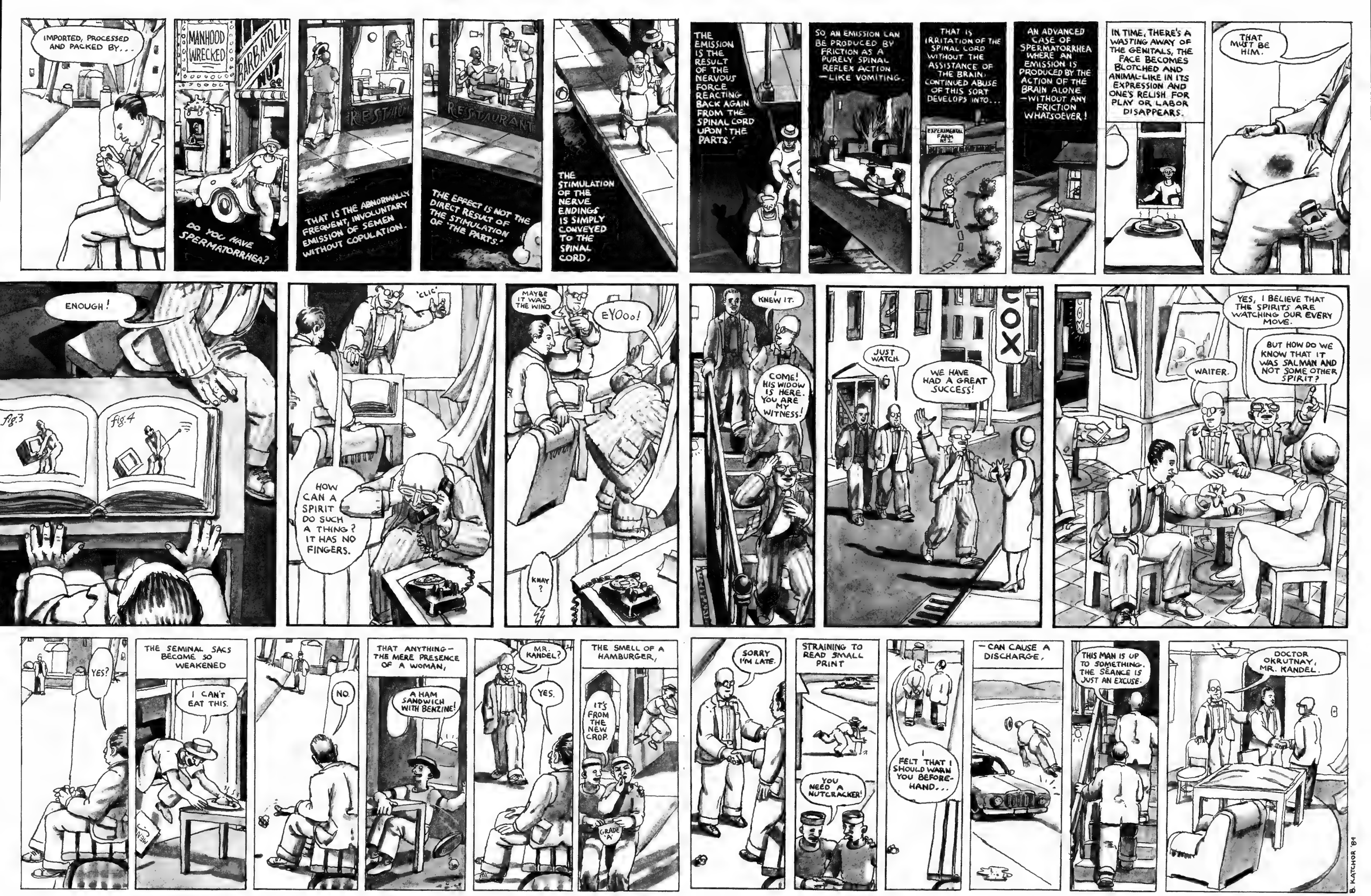
WHEN THE GESTAPO FOUND US I DROPPED QUICK A FEW THINGS INTO THE CHIMNEY... IF THEY FOUND THE REST OF MY JEWELS, AT LEAST THESE MIGHT REMAIN.

AFTER I CAME OUT FROM THE CAMPS IN 1945 I SNEAKED BACK TO SRODULA AND - AT NIGHT, WHILE THE PEOPLE INSIDE SLEPT - I DIGGED THESE THINGS OUT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CHIMNEY.
GOSH.

next: Chapter Six. MOUSETRAP.

MAUS, A Survivor's Tale. © 1984 art spiegelman. This is chapter five, *Mouse Holes,* of a projected 200-250 page work-in-progress. Future chapters will appear in RAW as they are completed.

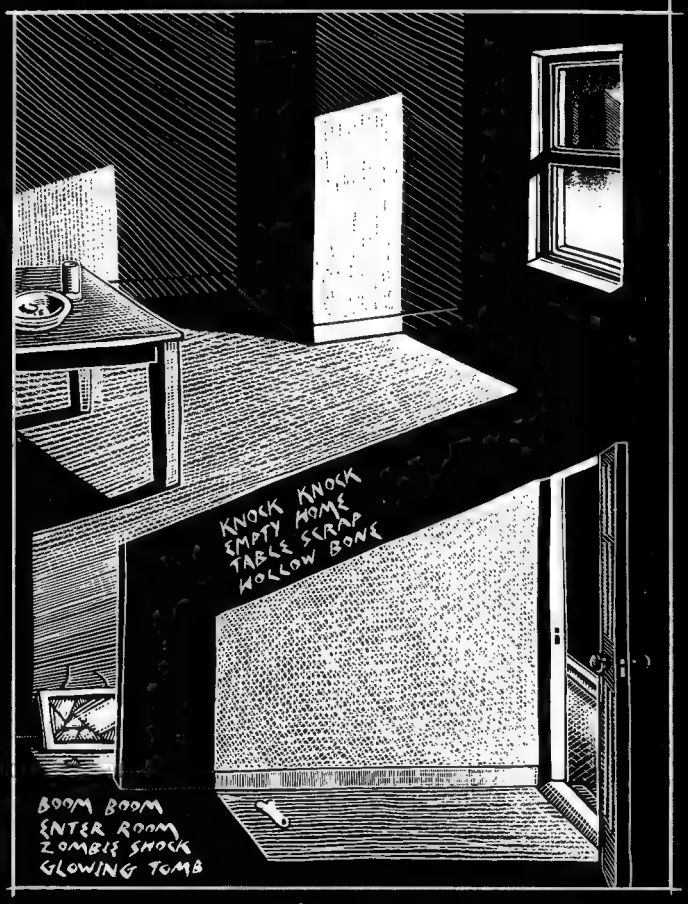
IT WAS IN THIS VERY ROOM
AN IMAGE OF THE SAME MAN'S HEAD INSIDE EVERY PEANUT!
LOOK!
BECAUSE HE WAS CLEAN SHAVEN, THE MAN WHOSE IMAGE IT WAS, LIVED UNRECOGNIZED AT THE SAME TIME.
HE LED AN UNEVENTFUL LIFE.
HERNIA INSTITUTE
AND ONLY AFTER HIS DEATH...
DID I SUSPECT THAT HE EVER EXISTED.
A ROUMANIAN EMIGRANT?!
MAURICE KANDEL UNDERSTANDS FOR ONE MINUTE...
SUNNY
SUNFLOWER SEEDS
THAT THIS IS...
ONE ITEM IN A WHOLE LINE...
THAT COMES FROM ANOTHER CLIMATE...
AND THAT THERE
IS PROBABLY AN EXPERT
WHO IS PAID TO ACT AS A LIAISON WITH NATURE.
No.236
THAT HE WOULD EVER STOP TO THINK ABOUT AN IDLE BUSINESS-MAN IN N.Y.C.
IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.
HIS LAST FOUR YEARS IT WAS SPENT IN YOUR COUNTRY.
THE POLLY SEED EXPERT
I SEE.
BUT HE NOW DWELLS IN THAT LAND OF WHICH WE WILL ALL SOME DAY BECOME CITIZENS!
THE BUCHAREST ACADEMY OF PYSCHICAL RESEARCH HAS AUTHORIZED ME TO MAKE AN EXPERIMENTAL CONTACT WITH THE ELECTRICAL RESIDUE OR SOUL, IF YOU LIKE, OF OUR FRIEND SALMAN OKSHON.
HE ONLY WORKED FOR ME FITTING TRUSSES.
A COPY OF PEARSON'S 'ATLAS OF INTESTINAL PROTRUSIONS' FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT.
CLICK
IF HE CAN HEAR ME, HE WILL SIGNAL BY TURNING THE PAGE.
fig.1
fig.2
WHERE IS HE?
HE GETS A WORMY ONE.
PTU
THEN LOOKS AT THE NEXT FEW.
SOME PEOPLE ALWAYS EXAMINE FIRST.
THIS REDUCES CONSUMPTION AND THUS PROFITS...
TO DEVELOP A SHELL IMPERVIOUS TO INSECTS...
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
IS THE SOLUTION TO THIS AGE OLD PROBLEM.
OUR BEST MINDS ARE CURRENTLY OCCUPIED...
CHIHUAHUA RANCH
NOBODY WANTS SUCH A SMALL DOG NOWADAYS...
EVERYONE IS EATING CASHEWS.
SHOO!

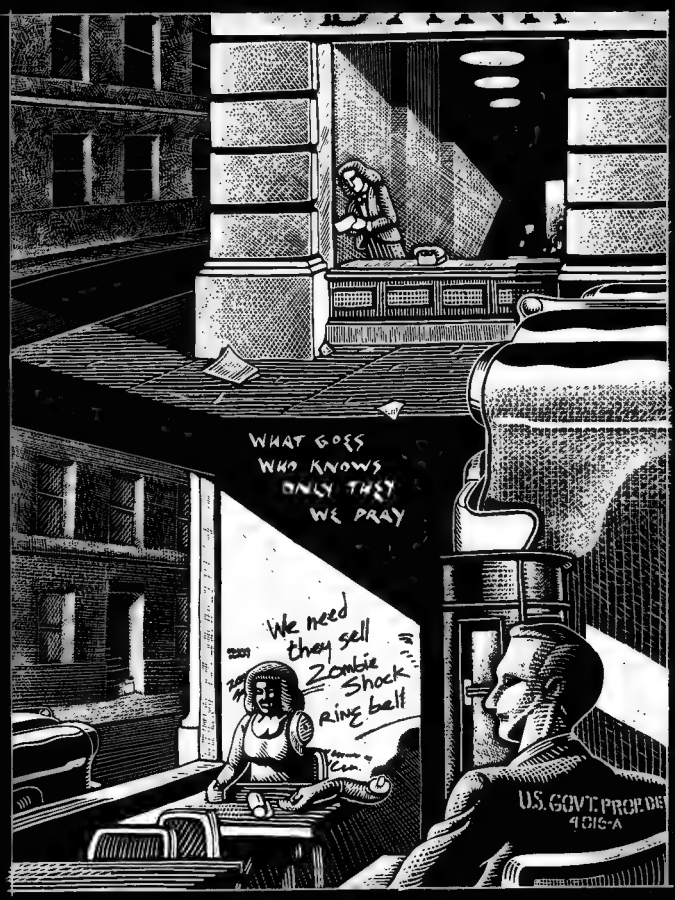

IMPORTED, PROCESSED AND PACKED BY...
MANHOOD WRECKED
BARBATOLI NUT
DO YOU HAVE SPERMATORRHEA?
RESTAURANT
THAT IS THE ABNORMALLY FREQUENT, INVOLUNTARY EMISSION OF SEMEN WITHOUT COPULATION.
RESTAURANT
THE EFFECT IS NOT THE DIRECT RESULT OF THE STIMULATION OF 'THE PARTS.'
THE STIMULATION OF THE NERVE ENDINGS IS SIMPLY CONVEYED TO THE SPINAL CORD.
THE EMISSION IS THE RESULT OF THE NERVOUS FORCE REACTING BACK AGAIN FROM THE SPINAL CORD UPON 'THE PARTS.'
SO, AN EMISSION CAN BE PRODUCED BY FRICTION AS A PURELY SPINAL REFLEX ACTION —LIKE VOMITING.
THAT IS IRRITATION OF THE SPINAL CORD WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF THE BRAIN. CONTINUED ABUSE OF THIS SORT DEVELOPS INTO...
EXPERIMENTAL FARM Nº 2
AN ADVANCED CASE OF SPERMATORRHEA WHERE AN EMISSION IS PRODUCED BY THE ACTION OF THE BRAIN ALONE —WITHOUT ANY FRICTION WHATSOEVER!
IN TIME, THERE'S A WASTING AWAY OF THE GENITALS, THE FACE BECOMES BLOTCHED AND ANIMAL-LIKE IN ITS EXPRESSION AND ONE'S RELISH FOR PLAY OR LABOR DISAPPEARS.
THAT MUST BE HIM.
ENOUGH!
fig.3
fig.4
'CLIC'
HOW CAN A SPIRIT DO SUCH A THING? IT HAS NO FINGERS.
MAYBE IT WAS THE WIND.
EYOOo!
KNAY?
I KNEW IT.
COME! HIS WIDOW IS HERE. YOU ARE MY WITNESS!
JUST WATCH.
WE HAVE HAD A GREAT SUCCESS!
YES, I BELIEVE THAT THE SPIRITS ARE WATCHING OUR EVERY MOVE.
WAITER.
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THAT IT WAS SALMAN AND NOT SOME OTHER SPIRIT?
YES?
THE SEMINAL SACS BECOME SO WEAKENED
I CAN'T EAT THIS.
NO.
THAT ANYTHING— THE MERE PRESENCE OF A WOMAN,
A HAM SANDWICH WITH BENZINE!
MR. KANDEL?
YES.
THE SMELL OF A HAMBURGER,
IT'S FROM THE NEW CROP.
GRADE 'A'
SORRY I'M LATE.
STRAINING TO READ SMALL PRINT
YOU NEED A NUTCRACKER!
I FELT THAT I SHOULD WARN YOU BEFORE-HAND...
—CAN CAUSE A DISCHARGE,
THIS MAN IS UP TO SOMETHING. THE SEANCE IS JUST AN EXCUSE.
DOCTOR OKRUTNAY, MR. KANDEL.
B. KATCHOR '84

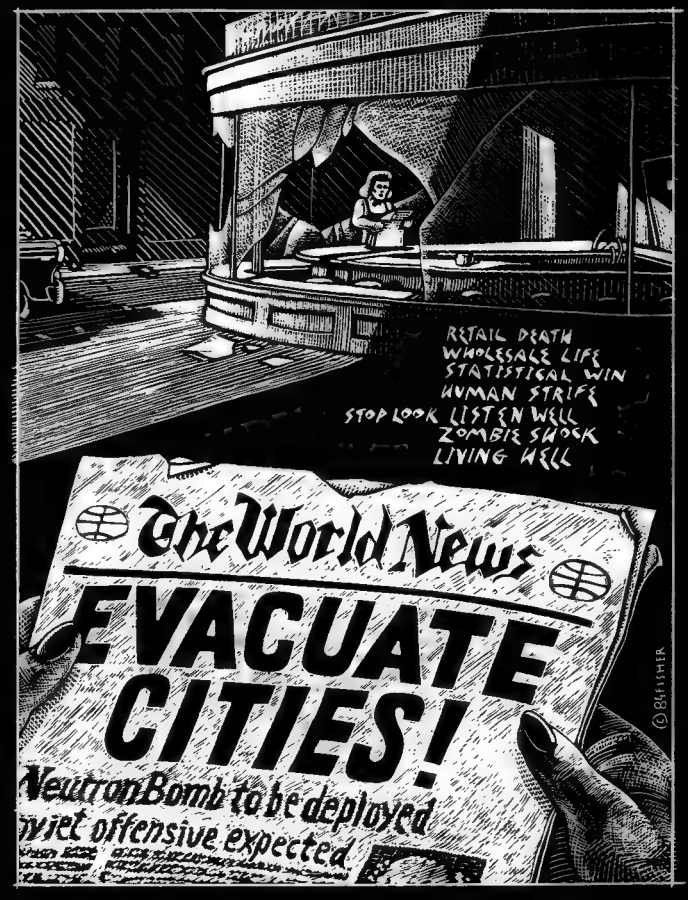
ZOMBIE SHOCK

STATIC SHADOWS
CAST SPELL
ZOMBIE SHOCK
HOLLOW SHELL

MEMORY PINS
VOODOO BRAIN
ZOMBIE SHOCK
LIVING PAIN







MY MIND WAS REELING AS JOHN OPENED THE DOOR TO OUR NEW HOME. HAD I REALLY JUST BEEN MARRIED? WAS I REALLY MRS. JOHN DOUGH? JOHN WAS THE BOY FOR WHOM I HAD WAITED AN ETERNITY. THOUSANDS OF MILES AND A WORLD WAR HAD SEPARATED US, BUT NEVER ONCE HAD I LOST FAITH IN OUR LOVE... NOW AS I ENTERED OUR LOVELY NEW HOME, HOW COULD I KNOW THAT I WAS ALSO ENTERING...

A MARRIAGE made in HELL

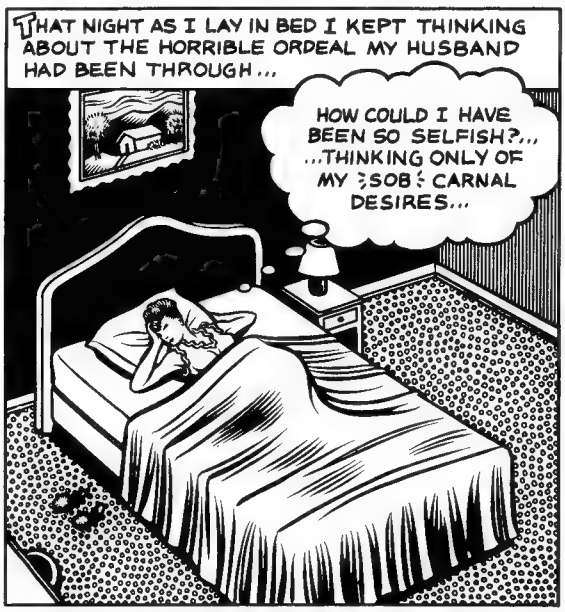
MY BEDROOM? WAS THIS SOME SORT OF CRUEL JOKE? AFTER ALL OF MY WAITING, WOULD MY NEED FOR COMPANIONSHIP BE DENIED ME?...I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE WOULD BE A FLAW IN THE PERFECT PICTURE I HAD PAINTED OF OUR MARRIAGE...I TRIED TO BE STRONG, BUT THE HOT STREAM OF TEARS FLOWING DOWN MY CHEEKS BETRAYED MY TRUE EMOTIONS...

PLEASE DON'T CRY HONEY... YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO ME AND I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU...BUT...BUT I'M NOT THE SAME MAN YOU KNEW BEFORE THE WAR...

DURING AN ENEMY SNEAK ATTACK IN THE PACIFIC I HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING NEAR A FUEL STORAGE TANK THAT EXPLODED...WHEN I WOKE UP IN THE VETERANS' HOSPITAL I FOUND I HAD BEEN IN A COMA FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS...

IN THE EXPLOSION I SUSTAINED THIRD DEGREE BURNS ON ALMOST HALF OF MY BODY...WITH SKIN GRAFTS AND PLASTIC SURGERY THEY WERE ABLE TO PUT ME BACK TOGETHER AGAIN...

SO...I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M A LITTLE RELUCTANT TO BE... UH...INTIMATE WITH YOU YET... THE DOCTORS SAY IT WILL TAKE TIME TO ADJUST TO MY NEW BODY...


THAT NIGHT AS I LAY IN BED I KEPT THINKING ABOUT THE HORRIBLE ORDEAL MY HUSBAND HAD BEEN THROUGH...
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO SELFISH?... ...THINKING ONLY OF MY ;SOB; CARNAL DESIRES...

WHEN JOHN AND I GAVE OUR WEDDING VOWS, I PROMISED TO LOVE, HONOR, AND CHERISH MY HUSBAND AND I WAS DETERMINED TO KEEP THAT PROMISE! AFTER JOHN LEFT FOR WORK I GOT DOWN TO THE TASK OF TURNING OUR HOUSE INTO A HOME... A HOME WHERE OUR LOVE COULD GROW AND WHERE JOHN COULD FORGET ABOUT THE MISFORTUNES OF THE PAST...

CLEANLINESS MIGHT BE NEXT TO GODLINESS, BUT ALL I WANT IS TO BE NEXT TO JOHN!

THAT EVENING AS WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER, WE WERE LIKE STRANGERS... OUR CONVERSATION SOUNDED LIKE LINES FROM A CHEAP PAPERBACK NOVEL.
GEE HONEY, THIS IS A GREAT MEAL...
OH, BY THE WAY, I JUST FOUND OUT I'LL BE AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS... THERE'S A BUYERS CONVENTION THIS TUESDAY...
THAT'S TOO BAD... I'LL MISS YOU.
WELL, YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE GETTING INTO WHEN YOU MARRIED A SALESMAN.
YES... I KNEW A WOMAN'S PLACE WAS IN THE HOME, AND WHILE JOHN WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS, I TRIED TO BE PATIENT. MY WORK KEPT ME BUSY FOR A WHILE, BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I HAD COMPLETED ALL OF MY HOUSEHOLD DUTIES... NOTHING LEFT TO FILL THE LONG EMPTY AFTERNOONS... I FELT MY HEART TWISTING INSIDE OF ME... ACHING FOR COMPANIONSHIP...
MAYBE JOHN'S STUDY NEEDS DUSTING AGAIN... HMMM... I HAVEN'T NOTICED THESE MAGAZINES BEFORE...
Let 'er rip!
LIVE
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! THESE PAGES HAVE BEEN TORN OUT! I JUST HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW THIS STORY ON JOPO THE BABY GORILLA ENDS...
I CHANGED MY CLOTHES AND WALKED DOWN TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY... FOR THE MARCH 1944 ISSUE OF "LIVE."
I'M SORRY MISS BUT THAT PARTICULAR ISSUE HAS BEEN PLACED ON THE RESERVED STACK FOR SOME TIME AND...
OH WELL, I GUESS IT'S NOT THAT IMPORTANT...
BUT GOODNESS, NO ONE EVER DID CLAIM IT. I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T READ IT HERE...

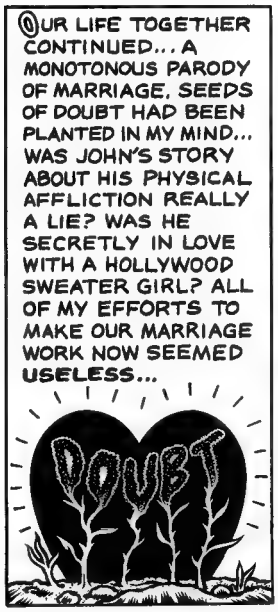
MY...THAT WAS NICE OF HER... AHHH...HERE'S MY ARTICLE...

OH, MY GOD!

THIS PHOTO ON THE NEXT PAGE...NOW I SEE WHY THE PAGES WERE TORN FROM THE MAGAZINE!

WHEN JOHN RETURNED FROM HIS TRIP, I WORKED UP THE COURAGE TO ASK HIM ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPH...
JEEPERS, HONEY... THAT WAS ONE OF THOSE U.S.O. GIRLS THAT MADE A SPECIAL VISIT TO OUR SHIP! SHE WAS ONLY KISSING ME FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

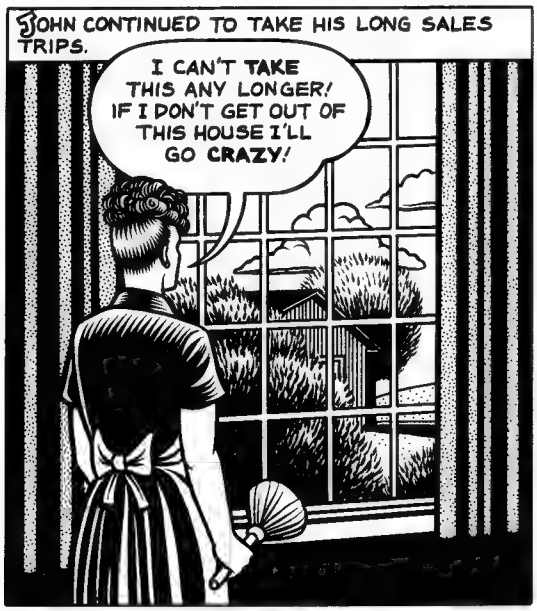
HIS EXPLANATION SEEMED REASONABLE ENOUGH UNTIL LATER THAT DAY WHEN I WAS PUTTING AWAY SOME OF HIS THINGS...
PHOTOGRAPHS! HIDDEN IN HIS SOCK DRAWER! IT'S THE SAME WOMAN THAT WAS IN "LIVE" MAGAZINE!

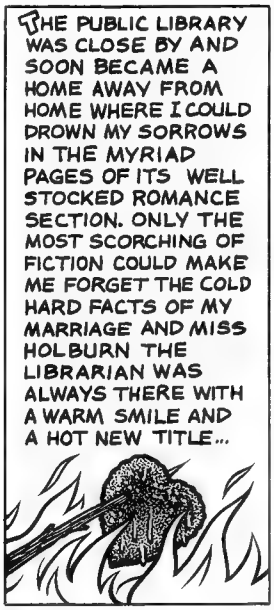

OUR LIFE TOGETHER CONTINUED... A MONOTONOUS PARODY OF MARRIAGE. SEEDS OF DOUBT HAD BEEN PLANTED IN MY MIND... WAS JOHN'S STORY ABOUT HIS PHYSICAL AFFLICTION REALLY A LIE? WAS HE SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH A HOLLYWOOD SWEATER GIRL? ALL OF MY EFFORTS TO MAKE OUR MARRIAGE WORK NOW SEEMED USELESS...
DOUBT

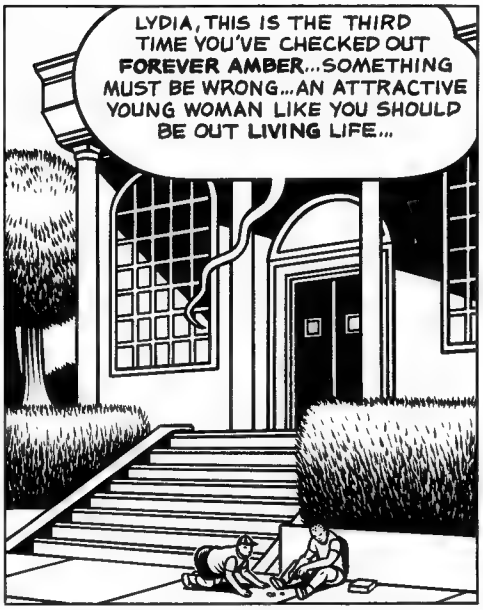
WHAT'S THIS? LIPSTICK ON HIS COLLAR!..AND I KNOW IT ISN'T MINE!

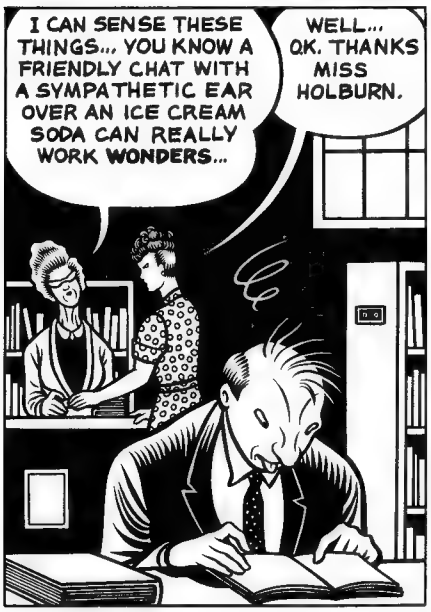
SNIFF-SNIFF... WHAT'S THAT SMELL? WHY... IT-IT'S PERFUME!

...AND WHAT'S THIS FUNNY LOOKING THING?

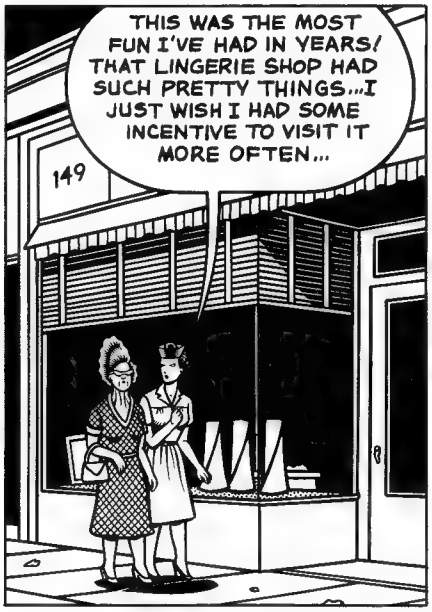

JOHN CONTINUED TO TAKE HIS LONG SALES TRIPS.
I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY LONGER! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE I'LL GO CRAZY!


THE PUBLIC LIBRARY WAS CLOSE BY AND SOON BECAME A HOME AWAY FROM HOME WHERE I COULD DROWN MY SORROWS IN THE MYRIAD PAGES OF ITS WELL STOCKED ROMANCE SECTION. ONLY THE MOST SCORCHING OF FICTION COULD MAKE ME FORGET THE COLD HARD FACTS OF MY MARRIAGE AND MISS HOLBURN THE LIBRARIAN WAS ALWAYS THERE WITH A WARM SMILE AND A HOT NEW TITLE...


LYDIA, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE CHECKED OUT FOREVER AMBER...SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG...AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN LIKE YOU SHOULD BE OUT LIVING LIFE...

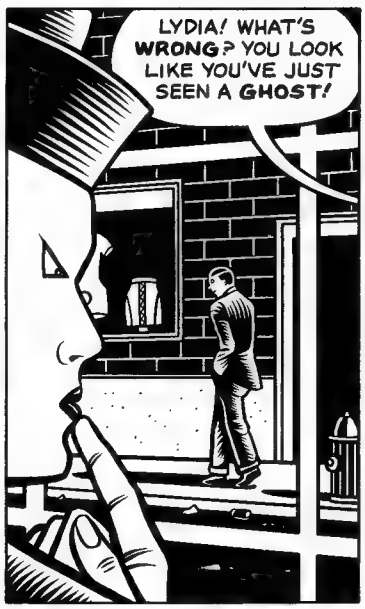

I CAN SENSE THESE THINGS... YOU KNOW A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH A SYMPATHETIC EAR OVER AN ICE CREAM SODA CAN REALLY WORK WONDERS...
WELL... OK. THANKS MISS HOLBURN.

LATER...
I THOUGHT WE COULD DO A LITTLE WINDOW SHOPPING FIRST, LYDIA.
YOU KNOW MISS HOLBURN, EXCEPT FOR MY HOUSE AND YOUR READING ROOM I REALLY HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF THIS TOWN.


THIS WAS THE MOST FUN I'VE HAD IN YEARS! THAT LINGERIE SHOP HAD SUCH PRETTY THINGS...I JUST WISH I HAD SOME INCENTIVE TO VISIT IT MORE OFTEN...
149

WE WENT TO AN ICE CREAM PARLOR AND TOOK A QUIET CORNER BOOTH WHERE I POURED OUT MY WHOLE SORDID STORY TO MISS HOLBURN.
LYDIA...I KNOW THINGS HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT, BUT YOU JUST CAN'T GIVE UP! YOU'RE TOO FULL OF LIFE TO LET YOUR HUSBAND DESTROY YOU!

WELL...TO TELL THE TRUTH I'M NOT POSITIVE THAT HE'S SEEING THIS OTHER WOMAN, BUT HE...UHH...


LYDIA! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE JUST SEEN A GHOST!

LYDIA! WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN TO HER... I STUMBLED OUT OF THE RESTAURANT JUST IN TIME TO SEE MY HUSBAND TURN THE CORNER...
JOHN TOLD ME THAT HE WOULDN'T BE BACK UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

I FOLLOWED HIM INTO A SHABBY NEIGHBORHOOD, AND WATCHED HIM CLIMB THE STAIRS TO A SMALL DECREPIT HOUSE.
IS IT POSSIBLE? IS HE MEETING... THAT WOMAN HERE?

I WAS COMPELLED TO FOLLOW... TO CATCH HIM RED-HANDED... TO UNLOCK THE MYSTERY THAT HAD DESTROYED OUR LOVE...
SHHH!

WHAP!

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS I FELT A TERRIBLE THROBBING PAIN IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD...
I FOUND MYSELF IN A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATION.
SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN THE ROOM WITH ME...IT WAS THAT WOMAN! THE WOMAN IN ALL OF MY HUSBAND'S PHOTOGRAPHS!
WHA...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? WHERE'S JOHN?
YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND? I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT BEFORE THE NIGHT'S THROUGH! NOW...LET ME TELL YOU A STORY... A TRUE STORY...
THE STORY IS ABOUT A HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR GIRL WHO DID HER PART FOR THE WAR EFFORT BY ENTERTAINING G.I.'S IN THE PACIFIC...
DURING THE LONG TOURS SHE GOT INTO THE HABIT OF ENTERTAINING THE TROOPS IN A MORE INTIMATE MANNER...
ONE OF THE LUCKY G.I.'S WAS CALLED JOHN DOUGH...
WAIT A MINUTE! YOUR VOICE! IT...IT SOUNDS SO FAMILIAR!
PERHAPS A FEW OF YOUR QUESTIONS COULD BE ANSWERED IF YOU TOOK A CLOSER LOOK AT ME...

I WAS SPEECHLESS WITH HORROR! I FELT LIKE MY BRAIN WAS ON A ROLLERCOASTER RIDE TO **OBLIVION!** WHEN I GATHERED MY SENSES, I HEARD JOHN CONTINUING HIS STORY IN A SLOW MONOTONE...

...SO ANYWAY, ONE EVENING THIS GLAMOUR GIRL WAS IN THE ARMS OF YOUR DEAREST BELOVED WHEN ALL **HELL** BROKE LOOSE!

BLAM!

THE NEXT DAY TWO BODIES WERE FOUND IN THE DEBRIS...

THEY'RE BURNED TO A CRISP...**JE-ZUS H. CHRIST!** THIS ONE'S STILL **ALIVE!** THE NAME ON HIS TAG IS JOHN DOUGH!

THE SURVIVING BODY WAS SHIPPED TO A VETERANS' HOSPITAL WHERE DOCTORS STARTED FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION AND SKIN GRAFTS...

WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB AHEAD OF US...THERE'S NOTHING MUCH LEFT OF THIS ONE...HOLD THAT PHOTO **STILL** YOU LITTLE PEA-BRAIN!

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER JOHN DOUGH JOINED THE LIVING AGAIN...

HEY **NURSE!** WHAT THE HELL DID THEY **DO** TO ME!

A FEW THINGS WERE OUT OF PLACE...

NOW JOHN... JUST CALM DOWN...

BUT MY NAME IS **NOT** JOHN! IT'S **BRENDA!**

THE LAST THING THAT I REMEMBER BEFORE BEING KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE BLAST WAS CLINGING TO JOHN'S DOGTAGS...BECAUSE OF MISTAKEN IDENTIFICATION I WAS A WOMAN TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A MAN...

JOHN DOUGH
783576923

I FINALLY REALIZED THE ONLY WAY I'D BE RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL WOULD BE TO PLAY ALONG WITH THEM...

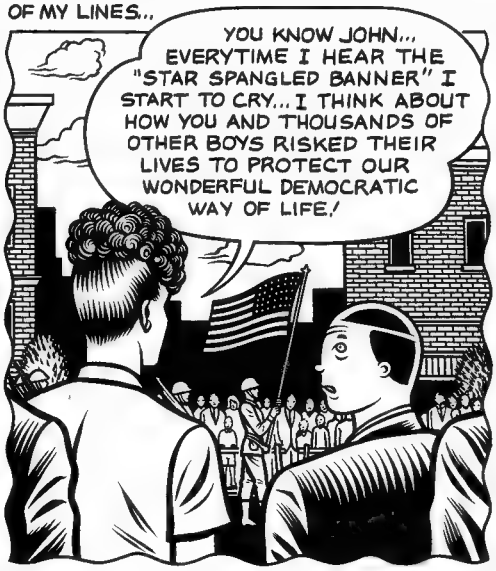
HERE'S SOME LETTERS AND PHOTOS OF YOUR GIRL BACK HOME...DO YOU REMEMBER HER?

OH YEAH... IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW...

I GUESS I REALLY **WAS** A LITTLE CRAZY... FOR A WHILE THERE I CONVINCED MYSELF I'D BE ABLE TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE... AS A **MAN!**

OH JOHN! IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME! I'D ALMOST GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!

I FELT AS IF I WAS IN THE WORST MOVIE EVER MADE... AND I HAD FORGOTTEN ALL OF MY LINES...



AFTER ALL I HAD BEEN THROUGH, MY BRAIN FELT **COOKED**... I WAS SO FAR GONE THAT MARRIAGE SEEMED LIKE THE MOST REASONABLE THING TO DO AT THE TIME.

LUCKILY JOHN DOUGH DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A PERSONALITY... I HAD NO TROUBLE GETTING HIS OLD JOB BACK...

AT FIRST IT WAS ALMOST INTERESTING TO SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVED...

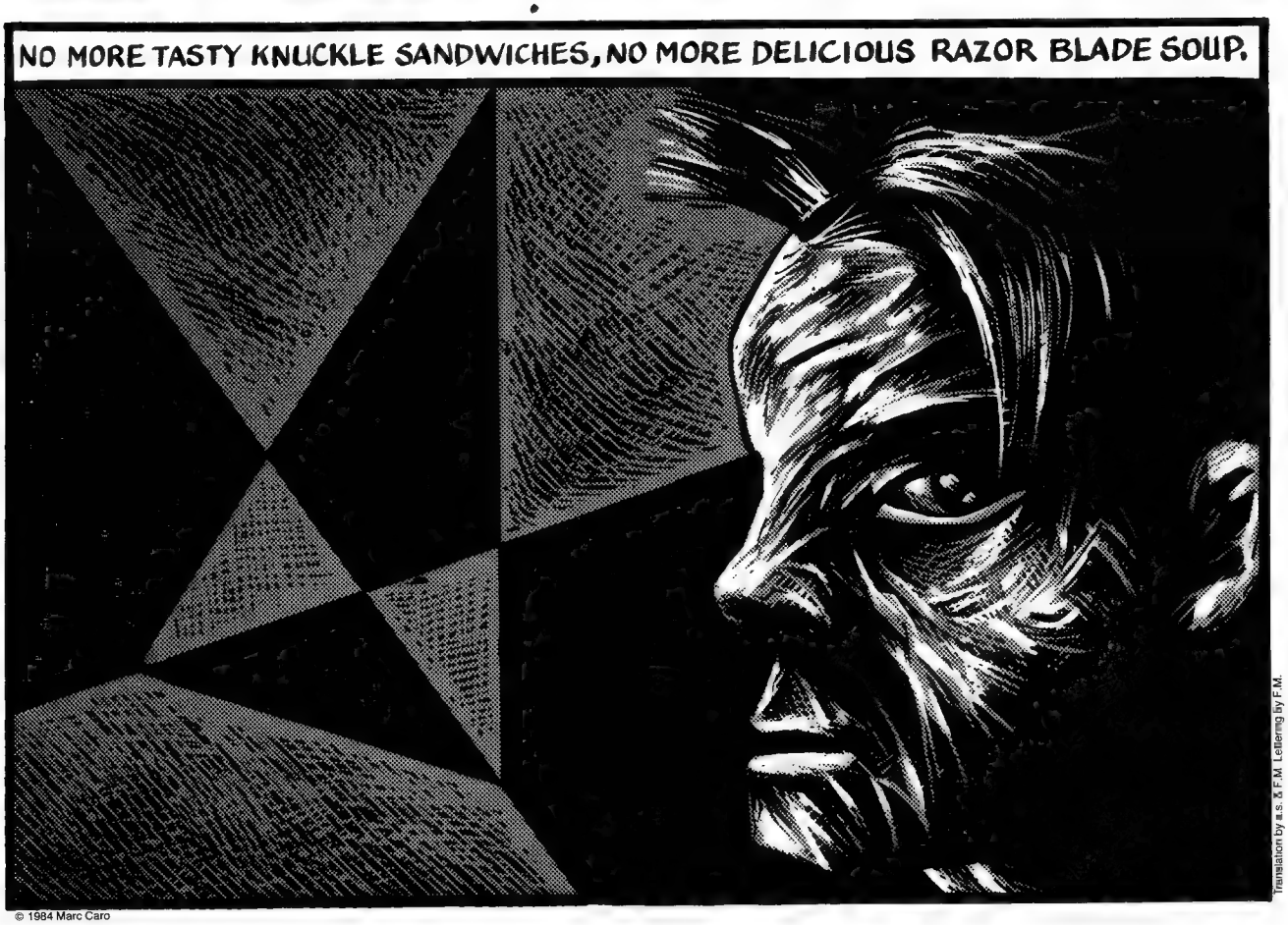
...BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MY INTEREST TURNED TO CONTEMPT...

SOON AFTER WE WERE MARRIED IT BECAME CLEAR THAT MY IMPERSONATION OF JOHN DOUGH WASN'T WORKING...

...SO I STARTED LIVING TWO LIVES... MY "BUSINESS TRIPS" MADE IT EASY!

I EVEN RENTED THIS HOUSE SO I COULD INDULGE MYSELF IN MY FANTASIES...

JOHN WAS MAD... STARK RAVING MAD! IT TOOK EVERY OUNCE OF WILLPOWER TO SUPPRESS THE SCREAM THAT WAS RISING IN MY THROAT...I WAS FROZEN IN TERROR BUT I PRAYED FOR THE COURAGE TO SOMEHOW SURVIVE THIS UNGODLY PLIGHT...
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY NOT TOO BRIGHT, LYDIA... ANYONE WHO WOULD WAIT FOUR YEARS FOR A TWO-TIMING HALF-WIT LIKE JOHN DOUGH DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
JOHN... PLEASE!
YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU LYDIA? JOHN DOUGH WAS BURNED TO A CRISP!
...AND SINCE YOU LOVED HIM SO MUCH I'M SURE YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO JOIN HIM!
ALRIGHT... I'VE HEARD ENOUGH... NOW DROP IT!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
HURRY MISS HOLBURN...THE DRAPES ARE ON FIRE!
PLEASE, CALL ME BEDELIA!
AS THE SUFFOCATING INFERNO RAGED BEHIND US AND JOHN'S FLESH BURNED FOR THE LAST TIME...
BEDELIA...
MY HEART CAUGHT FIRE AS WELL...I FOUND WHAT TRUE LOVE CAN BE...BEDELIA WAS AN ANGEL WHO LIFTED ME FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL TO THE UNIMAGINABLE HEIGHTS OF ECSTASY... WHAT A FOOL I HAD BEEN...FOR HERE ALL ALONG WAS MY TRUE LOVE!
I LOVE YOU LYDIA...
END



Translation by a.s. & F.M. Lettering by F.M.

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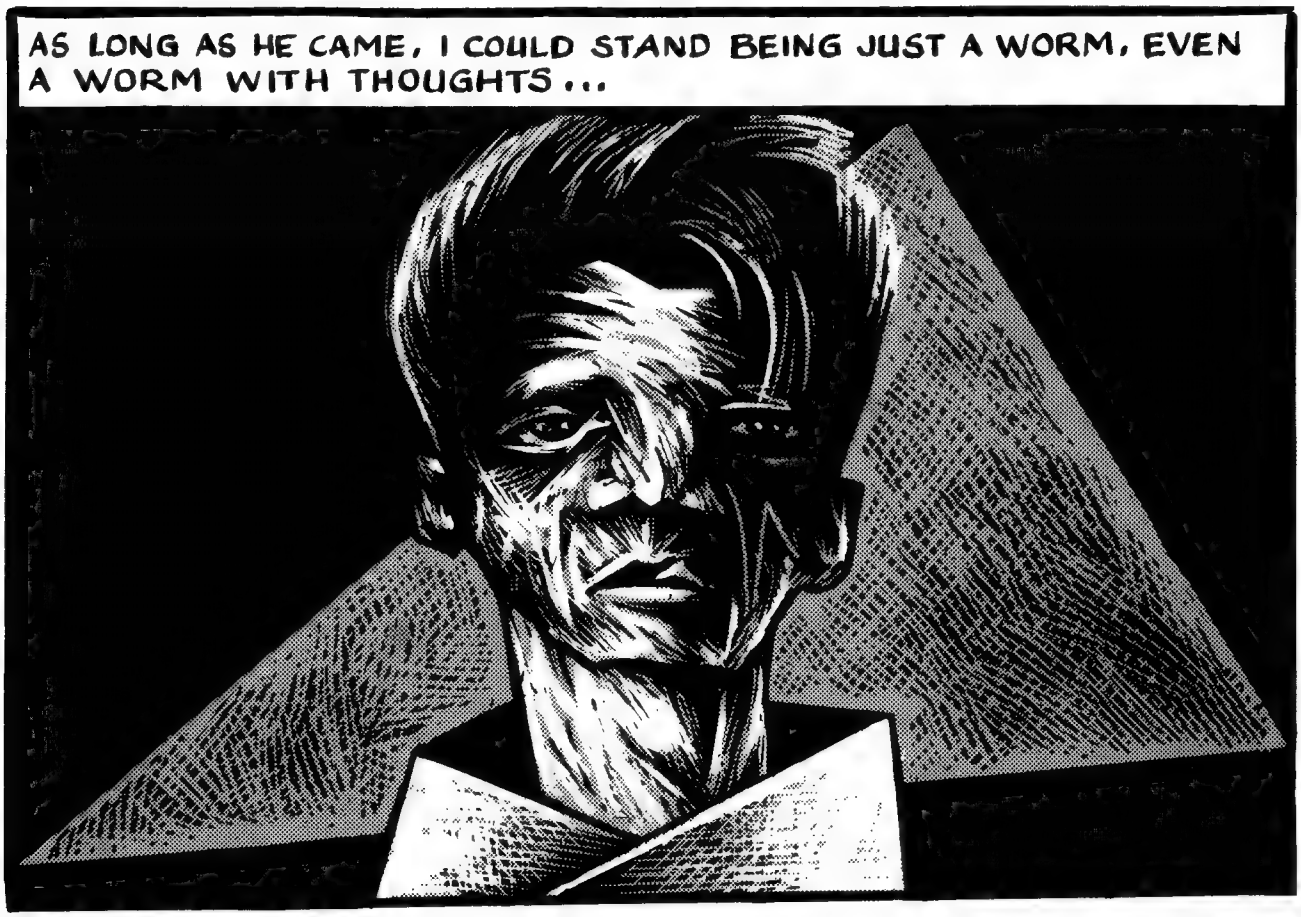
WHY DOESN'T THE MASTER COME ANYMORE AND DIG HIS FORK INTO MY GUMS?... WHY?...


AS LONG AS HE CAME, I COULD STAND BEING JUST A WORM, EVEN A WORM WITH THOUGHTS...

BUT, NOW... NOTHING. NOTHING IN THIS COLD, DANK PLACE THAT CUTS OR SLASHES.

NOTHING...NOTHING BUT MY TEETH.

PUD + SPUD

ANOTHER "PUD + SPUD"

© 1983 MARK NEWGARDEN

11:46 SAT. A.M.

WHERE'S THE PUFFED WHEAT? — SPUD — PUD

GOOD A.M.

YOU MEAN "GOOD MORNING" OR WHAT?

YES. A.M. MEANS MORNING.

THAT'S TRUE.

P.M. REFERS TO AFTERNOONS + EVE-NINGS

IS THERE PUFFED WHEAT?

BAD NEWS — I THINK WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON PUFFED WHEAT

HOW LOW?

WELL, HERE'S THE BOX.

THERE'S 3 PUFFED WHEATS IN THE BOX.

WE'VE GOT LOTS OF MILK.

THAT WOULDN'T BE CONSIDERED A BALANCED BREAK-FAST.

A GOOD WAY TO REMIND P.M. IS: YOU WOULDN'T EAT PEAS IN THE MORN-ING.

I GUESS IT WOULD BE CON-SIDERED A LIGHT BREAK-FAST.

THE PUFFED WHEAT BOX RECOMMENDS STARTING EACH + EVERY A.M. OFF WITH A BALANCED MEAL.

THAT'S TRUE.

WHY NOT SUBSTITUTE AN ALTERNATE CEREAL?

I KNOW WE'RE OUT OF TRIX.

YES, THAT'S BECAUSE WE STOPPED PURCH-ASING TRIX WHEN WE WERE KIDS.

THEY SHOULD LET ADOLESCENTS EAT TRIX.

AND WE'RE ALSO OUT OF PUFFED RICE, PUFFED OATS, CO-COA PUFFS + UNCLE SAM

YOU MEAN THE CEREAL OR WHAT?

WE HAVENT PURCHASED ANY GOODS SINCE MOM + DAD BURNED TO DEATH IN UN-RELATED HOUSE HOLD ACCI-DENTS

WELL, I GUESS A LIGHT BREAK-FAST IS CONSIDERED BETTER THAN NO BREAK-FAST.

SOONER OR LATER WE'LL HAVE TO SHOP.

THE MILK IS BROWN.

YOU'RE IN LUCK. BROWN FOOD IS CONSIDERED MORE WHOLE-SOME.

WHY I JUST FOR-GOT WHAT BROWN MEANT FOR A SECOND. I DIDN'T MEAN BROWN.

OH. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

TAN.

A BOWL OF TAN MILK + 3 PUFFED WHEATS STILL ISN'T CONSIDERED THE WAY TO START YOUR A.M.

P.S. - MAKE IT 2 PUFFED WHEATS BECAUSE ONE DROP-PED ON THE LINO-LEUM.

WE SHOULD PREPARE A LIST BEFORE WE SHOP

I'LL GET THE PENCIL.

THERE'S A GOOD PENCIL UPSTAIRS IN THE CROCK

WHAT CROCK?

THE CROCK IN THE NOOK.

WHICH NOOK?

YOU KNOW WHAT NOOK.

I'M NOT POSITIVE.

THE CROCK IN THE KNICK-KNACK NOOK.

ARE YOU POSITIVE?

I SAW IT THERE THURS A.M.

WHAT TIME?

AROUND 9:23.

I THINK I REMOVED SAID PENCIL FROM THE KNICK-KNACK NOOK CROCK YESTERDAY AROUND 3:17 A.M.

GO RETRIEVE IT.

WAIT I JUST FORGOT WHAT A.M. MEANT FOR A SEC-OND. I DIDN'T MEAN A.M.

A GOOD WAY TO REMI A.M. IS: AFTER CLO MEMBERS START WORK IN THE MORN-ING.

THAN I LEFT IT SOMEWHERE.

LEFT IT, WHERE?

OUT IN THE RAIN.

IT WILL STILL DO THE TRICK

BOY, IT MUST BE A GOOD PENCIL.

EXIT.

UH-OH.

ENTER.

HERE'S SAID PENCIL.

SPUD, WHAT OCCURRED?

I WALKED INTO THE DOOR CARRYING SAID PEN-CIL.

CARRYING IT WHERE?

IN MY NOSE.

BOY DID YOU ERR!

AND NOW IT'S BLEEDING

WHAT AN A.M.!

P.S. - IT'S NOW 12:03 P.M.

A TISSUE SHOULD BE INSERTED IN THE BLEEDING NOS-TRIL.

I THINK I DAMAGED SAID PENCIL'S LEAD.

I'LL GET THE TISSUE.

I THINK WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON TISSUE.

I'LL CHECK.

IT WAS A GOOD PENCIL

BAD NEWS — WE'RE OUT OF TISSUE

I'D PUT IT ON THE LIST BUT THE LEAD ISN'T FUNC-TIONAL.

ANY RAG WILL DO THE TRICK.

THE N.Y. POST IS CONSIDERED A RAG.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

INSERTING A RAG TO ABSORB EXCESS THE FLOW OF BLOOD

NOT THE NEW YORK POST.

WHY NOT?

I HAVEN'T FINISHED TRIPLE CHANGE WUNGO YET.

IT'S NOT DOING THE TRICK ANYHOW.

PUT THE N.Y. POST ON THE TOP OF THE LIST.

WE'LL NEED A NEW PENCIL, THE LEADS MISSING ON THIS ONE.

DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT A PEN.

THAT'S DAD'S GOOD PEN!

IT'S NO GOOD TO DAD NOW.

THAT'S TRUE.

IT'S A PRECISION-CRAFTED SWISS TECHNICAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

DAD PRIZED GOOD SWISS PENS.

AND THIS WAS HIS SPECIAL PEN.

UH-OH. LOOK WHAT OCCURRED.

THE PEN MUST LEAK. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? THE PEN MUST LEAK

THAT WAS MY FAVORITE POLO SHIRT.

YOU MEAN SWEAT SHIRT OR WHAT?

NOW THE PEN IS MAKING BLOTS ON THE LINO-LEUM.

THE INK BLOT REMINDS ME OF SEXUAL INTER-COURSE.

THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO DAD.

IT NEVER HAPPENED TO MOM EITHER!

THAT'S CAUSE MOM USED A TYPE-WRITER.

NOW THE INK BLOT REMINDS ME OF DEATH.

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE SANDY BECKER TO ME.

WHOS SANDY BECKER AGAIN?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

THE PEN IS SURE LEAKING ALOT.

IT'S PROBABLY A TECHNICAL DIFFI-CULTY.

THAT'S TRUE.

AND I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO TAKE IT TO THE SWISS PEN REPAIR SHOP.

MAYBE IT'S NOT SWISS

WHY NOT?

IT'S LEAKING INDIA INK.

THAT'S NOT SO FUNNY

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PROFOUND ABSURDITY OF THE HUMAN CONDI-TION.

OH. I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO GET FUNNY.

LET ME TRY AND STOP THE LEAK.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN LEAK TO STOP.

THE PEN IS ½ MINE. I REMEMBER DAD USED TO SAY THE HIS PENS + SAY SOME DAY THESE PENS WILL BE ½ YOURS.

DAD USED TO TAKE US TO ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND SAY THE SAME THING

YOU MEAN THOSE BUILDINGS WEREN'T DAD'S?

A GOOD BLOTTER WOULD HELP DO THE TRICK.

I THINK DAD WAS RUNNING LOW ON BLOTTERS.

DAD ORDERED A NEW SHIPMENT OF BLOTTERS BEFORE HE BURNED TO DEATH. SPO KINGS HE WENT TO BED.

THEN THEY SHOULD BE IN THE MAIL.

GO SEE IF THE MAIL CAME.

I'LL GO GET THE MAIL.

EXIT.

DAD NEVER TOLD ME THOSE PENS WOULD BE ½ MINE!

ENTER.

HERE'S THE MAIL.

ANY BLOTTERS?

THERE ARE 2 BLOTTER-RELATED LETTERS FOR DAD. ONE IS FROM BLOTTER CARNIVAL + ONE IS FROM "JERRY'S BLOTTERAMA"

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

THE FIRST ONE SAYS DAD COULD ALREADY BE A MILLIONAIRE. THE SECOND ONE SAYS DAD'S CHECK BOUNCED + THEY WON'T SEND HIM HIS BLOTTERS.

ANY OTHER MAIL?

THERE'S AN ENVELOPE OF COUPONS FOR MOM + A FLYER + A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE SWISS TECH-NICAL PEN CO. FOR DAD + A CIRCULAR.

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

THE LETTER SAYS THAT THE WARRANTY ON DAD'S SWISS TECHNICAL PEN EX-PIRES TO-DAY AT 12:17 P.M.

THE FLYER IS FOR "STOP WORLD HUNGER" + THE CIRCULAR IS FOR "THE INTERNATI-IONAL GRAPE-FRUIT CLUB."

WE CAN GROW PLEN-TY OF GRAPEFRUITS LOCALLY AT "TRUTS, R-US ON FOREST AVE.

P.S. WE'RE IN LUCK. BECAUSE MOM'S ENVELOPE CONTAINS COU-PONS SAYING:

-17¢ OFF PUFFED WHEAT.

-14¢ OFF LEAD PENCILS.

-11¢ OFF TISSUE.

-6¢ OFF THE N.Y. POST.

+2¢ OFF GRAPE FRUITS.

I HATE GRAPEFRUITS.

SO DO I.

THEN WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE COUPON?

MAIL IT TO "STOP WORLD HUNGER."

THE REMAINING COU-PONS SHOULD BE STAPLED TO THE LIST.

UH-OH.

UH-OH?

I THINK WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON STAPLES

COULD YOU CHECK?

EXIT.

ENTER.

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS?

THERE ARE 3 STAPLES LEFT.

AND ALL WE NEED IS A SINGLE STAPLE.

THEN WE'RE IN LUCK.

SUCCESS!

SUCCESS!

GO RETRIEVE THE STAPLEGUN TO DO THE TRICK.

GO RETRIEVE THE STAPLE-GUN TO DO THE TRICK.

THEN WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I LEFT THE STAPLE GUN SOMEWHERE.

NOT OUT IN THE RAIN!?

NO.

THANK GOODNESS.

IT WOULD HAVE RUSTED.

THEN WHERE?

RHODE ISLAND.

WHAT A SITUATION!

YOU MEAN LIKE A SIT-COM OR WHAT?

IT'S LOOKING MORE TRAGIC NOW.

LIKE A SIT-TRAGI-COM.

YES, A BITTER-SWEET-SIT-TRAGI-COM.

THAT'S TRUE.

IN TIMES LIKE THIS COOL HEADS PREVAIL.

I'LL GET THE FAN.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.

BAD NEWS — THE FAN ISN'T FUNCTIONAL.

YOU MISUNDERSTOOD.

AND NOW BLACK SMOKE IS ISSUING FROM SAID FAN.

IT WAS A METAPHOR.

IT COULDN'T BE. DAD ALWAYS PURCHASED GOOD SEARS MACH-INES.

IT SURE IS ISSUING.

DAD NEVER TRUSTED FOREIGN MFGD. GOODS

PUT A NEW FAN ON THE LIST.

... EXCEPT SWISS PENS..

MAYBE IF YOU PULL THE PLUG OUT BLACK SMOKE WILL STOP ISSU-ING FROM THE FAN

THAT WOULDN'T BE CONSIDERED SAFE.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE LUMITE SPRINGS ARE ISSUING FROM SAID FAN'S PLUG.

WHAT A BITTER-SWEET-SIT-TRAGI-COM-PM!

THE ISSUING SMOKE REMINDS ME OF THE LEAKING INK.

AND YOUR BLEEDING NOSTRIL

THAT'S TRUE.

AND IT ALL REMINDS ME OF SANDY BECKER

WAS HE A PLAYWRITE OR WHAT?

MAYBE IF YOU YANKED HARD ON THE CORD

I THINK HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH GRAPEFRUITS.

OR JUST GAVE IT A QUICK TUG

... OR ANOTHER CITRUS...

A LITTLE JERK COULD DO THE TRICK!

I THINK WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON LITTLE JERKS.

THAT'S NOT SO FUNNY.

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO ILLUSTRATE THE POINT THAT HUMOR MAY VERY WELL BE OUR ONLY SALVAT-ION AT TIMES OF IRREVERSIBLE ADVERSITY.

HAVE YOU BEEN READ-ING MAGAZINES OR WHAT?

HUMOR IS CONSIDERED AN IMPORTANT SURVIVAL TECHNIQUE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD THAT TO MOM + DAD.

THAT'S TRUE.

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DIS-CONNECT THE FAN MYSELF.

HA-HA.

WHAT?

WAIT. I JUST FORGOT WHAT HA-HA MEANT FOR A SECOND. I DIDN'T MEAN HA-HA

OH. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

UH-OH.

UH-OH.

WHAT OCCURRED?

I MUST HAVE JERKED TOO HARD.

YOU MUST HAVE BLOWN A FUSE.

THE FAN MUST HAVE BLOWN THE FUSE!

AND WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON FUSES.

I'D PUT FUSES ON THE LIST BUT I CAN'T SEE THE LIST.

YOU'RE IN LUCK. WE NEVER STARTED A LIST.

THEN NOW'S THE TIME TO START.

BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE.

THEN WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.

THEN THERE'S NO HOPE.

THEN IT'S A HOPELESSLY BITTER-SWEET-SIT-TRAGI-COM P.M.

THEN WE SHOULD EXERCISE IT.

THEN WE SHOULD EXERCISE WHAT?

SAID IMPORTANT SURVIVAL TECHNIQUE.

HOW?

START TO LAUGH.

AT WHAT?

AT THE PROFOUND ABSURDITY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.

I DON'T GET IT.

NO ONE GETS IT.

THEN HOW IS IT DONE?

JUST DO IT.

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

IT'LL HELP.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

EVERYBODY KNOWS.

I DON'T KNOW.

YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT.

O.K. - HA, HA.

WELL?

YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ IN MAGAZINES.

THAT'S CAUSE YOU DID IT WRONG.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I DID IT WRONG?

YOU HAVE TO LAUGH 3 TIMES COMEDY ALWAYS COMES IN 3'S.

SO DO THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF BELOVED STARS OF HOLLY-WOOD'S GOLDEN ERA

THAT'S TRUE.

HA HA HA, THEN.

ANY BETTER?

SOMETHING IN MY EAR POPPED!

YOU SEE!

I DON'T THINK THAT DID IT.

THEN WHAT WAS IT?

I THINK I WALKED INTO THE T.V. ANTENNA.

HA HA HA!

AND THE T.V. ANTENNA IS CAUGHT IN MY EAR.

HA HA HA!

AND THE T.V. ANTENNA IS NOT COMING OUT!

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA YOURSELF! NO MORE "PEOPLES COURT" WISEGUY!

HA HA HA!

UH-OH.

HA HA HA!

I THINK IT'S COMING...

HA HA HA!

AND I THINK I'VE GOT IT OUT...

HA HA HA!

AND I THINK THERE'S A PIECE OF BRAIN ON THE END.

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HA.

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HA.HA.

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HA.HA.HA.

HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

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HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

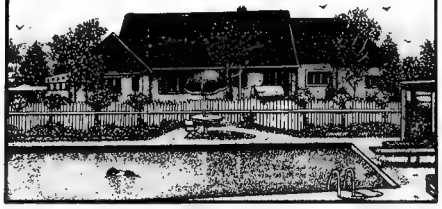
HAHAHA!

I STILL DON'T GET IT.

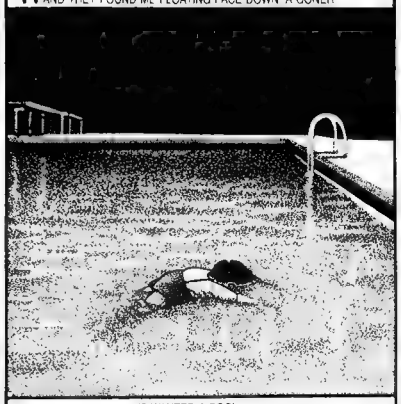
NOV.4,1943

THE LOU COSTELLO JR. STORY

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN



WELL, HOW DO YA LIKE THAT. TWO DAYS BEFORE MY 1st BIRTHDAY AND THEY FOUND ME FLOATING FACE DOWN. A GONER

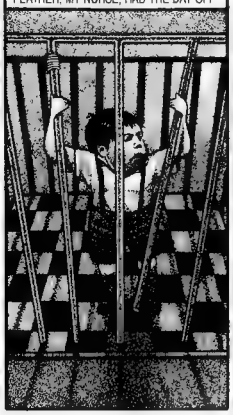


POOR POP—HE ALWAYS WANTED A POOL

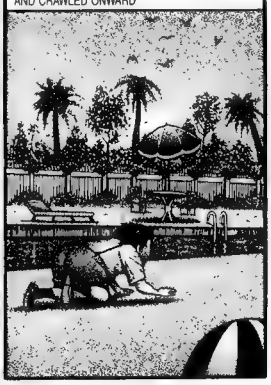
THAT MORNING POP BOUGHT ME MY FIRST TEDDY BEAR AND PROMISED ME THE BIGGEST BIRTHDAY PARTY HOLLYWOOD EVER SAW

HE HAD JUST RECOVERED FROM A NEAR-FATAL ILLNESS. TONIGHT WAS GONNA BE POP'S FIRST SHOW IN EIGHT MONTHS

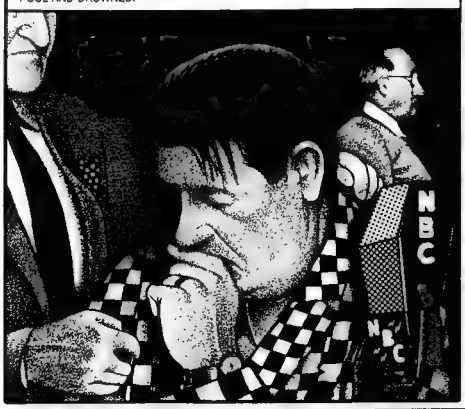
MEANWHILE, MAMA GAVE ME MY BATH AND PLACED ME IN THE PLAYPEN. MISS FEATHER, MY NURSE, HAD THE DAY OFF



A SCRAPPY LITTLE GUY, I MANAGED TO BREAK OUT; ONE OF THE BARS WAS LOOSE . . . IT WAS INDIAN SUMMER. I MARVELLED AT THE LEAVES FALLING UPON THE GLASSY POOL SURFACE, AND CRAWLED ONWARD

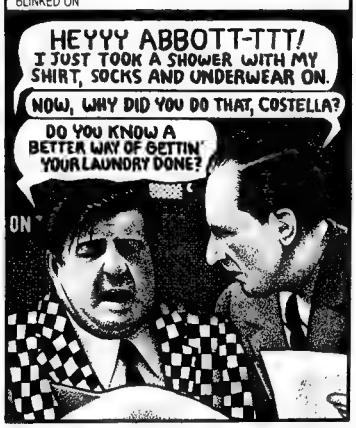


THREE HOURS BEFORE THE BROADCAST, POP WAS TOLD THAT HIS BABY SON—YOURS TRULY—HAD SOMEHOW CRAWLED FROM HIS PLAYPEN, FALLEN IN THE POOL AND DROWNED.



AS AIR TIME APPROACHED RED SKELTON, MICKEY ROONEY AND JIMMY DURANTE OFFERED TO FILL IN. POP WAS GRATEFUL BUT INSISTED ON DOING THE SHOW—FOR ME. JESUS, POP

NO ONE WAS AWARE OF MY DEATH WHEN THE RED LIGHT BLINKED ON



UNCLE BUD BROKE THE NEWS AT THE END OF THE SHOW.

POP WAS EMOTIONALLY UPROOTED THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER BY NOT HAVING A SON TO CARRY ON, AN HEIR TO THE COSTELLO THRONE.

TO THINK WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN TODAY.

INSTEAD, THEY FOUND ME GOOD AND DROWNED. THE JOINT WAS CRAWLIN' WITH COPS. YEAH, IT WAS ONE HELLUVA MESS. I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY THAT'S SHOW BIZ, BUT WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY DO FOR AN ENCORE?

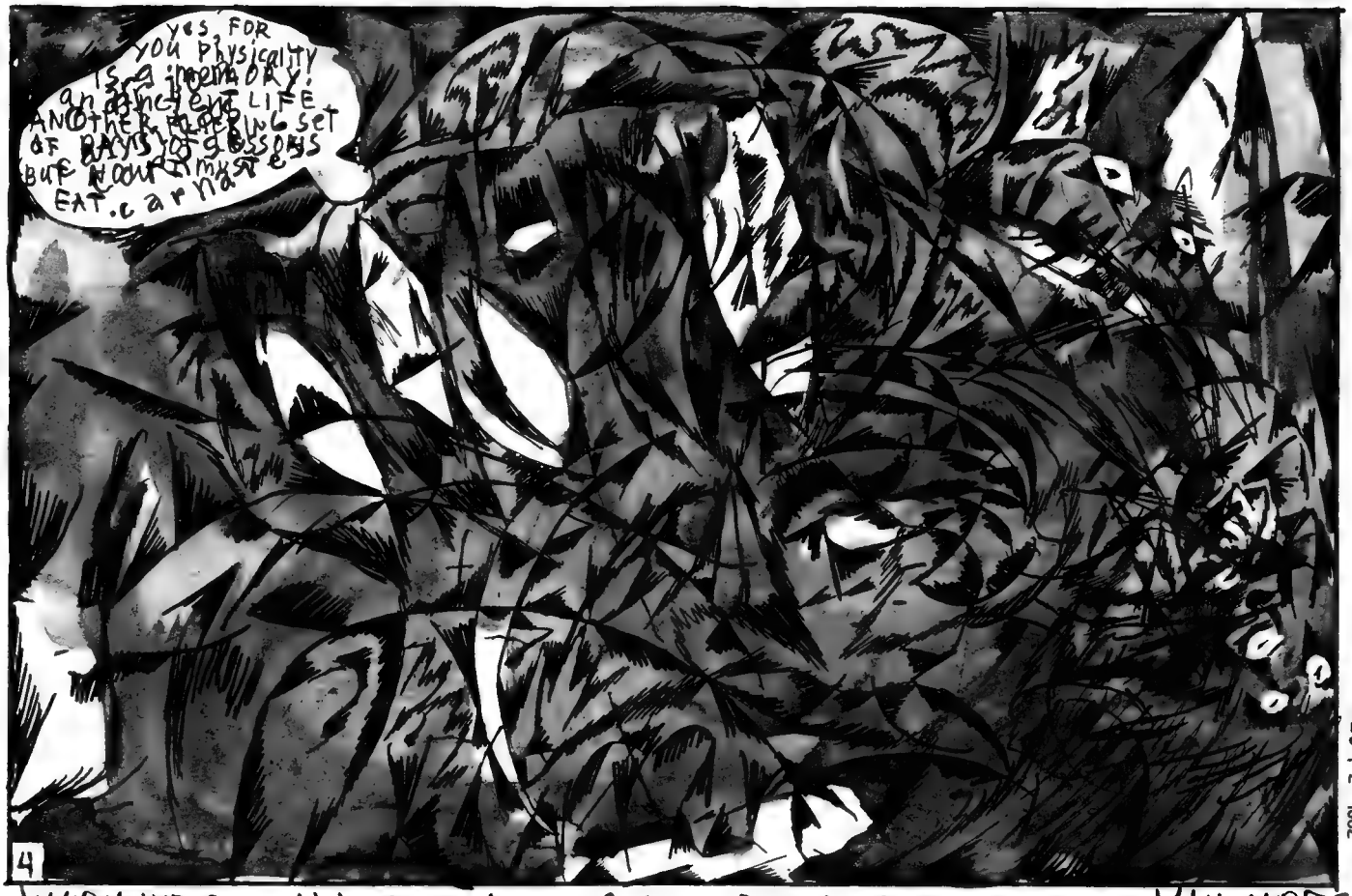
THE END

IS THE SAME CITY OF PEOPLE & BUILDINGS, IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO SWAP ALL THE FAMILIAR FRENZY FOR THIS FIRE & POISON. NOTHING.
JIMBO
HUHHU-HHUHLLYU...
JIMBO & SMOGGO HAVE MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVED A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.
©1983 G. PANTER
HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS IS TRUE, THAT
JIMBO LOOKED AROUND.
HOW CAN IT BE TAKING the AMBULANCES SO LONG TO GET HERE!!??
ALL THE DOCTORS ARE BURNING, TOO.
1

THE SKIN HANGS DOWN FROM THE ARMS IN LONG SAD STRIPS.
EVERYONE IS GONE EVERYTHING IS WASTED, BURNING UP.
KAA. KAA. KAAA. KAA.
GO GET SOME WATER
BURNING DOWN. EVERYONE IS DEAD. SAD INSINSATES EXPOSED HUMILIATED
2

THE DOCTORS WILL BE COMING; IT PROBABLY ONLY GOT FORTY MILES AROUND.
COMING BECAUSE IT ONCE PROBABLY GOT FORTY MILES AROUND.
3
THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR'S WILL BE COMING IN THEIR BLACK LIMOUSINES

The BURNING WOMAN is OUT NOW. SMOGGO SPEAKS TO HER FOR COMFORT.



WHEN WE DIE, things eat us UP; SO WE GO BACK FASTER. VULTURES.

DEC 12 1982

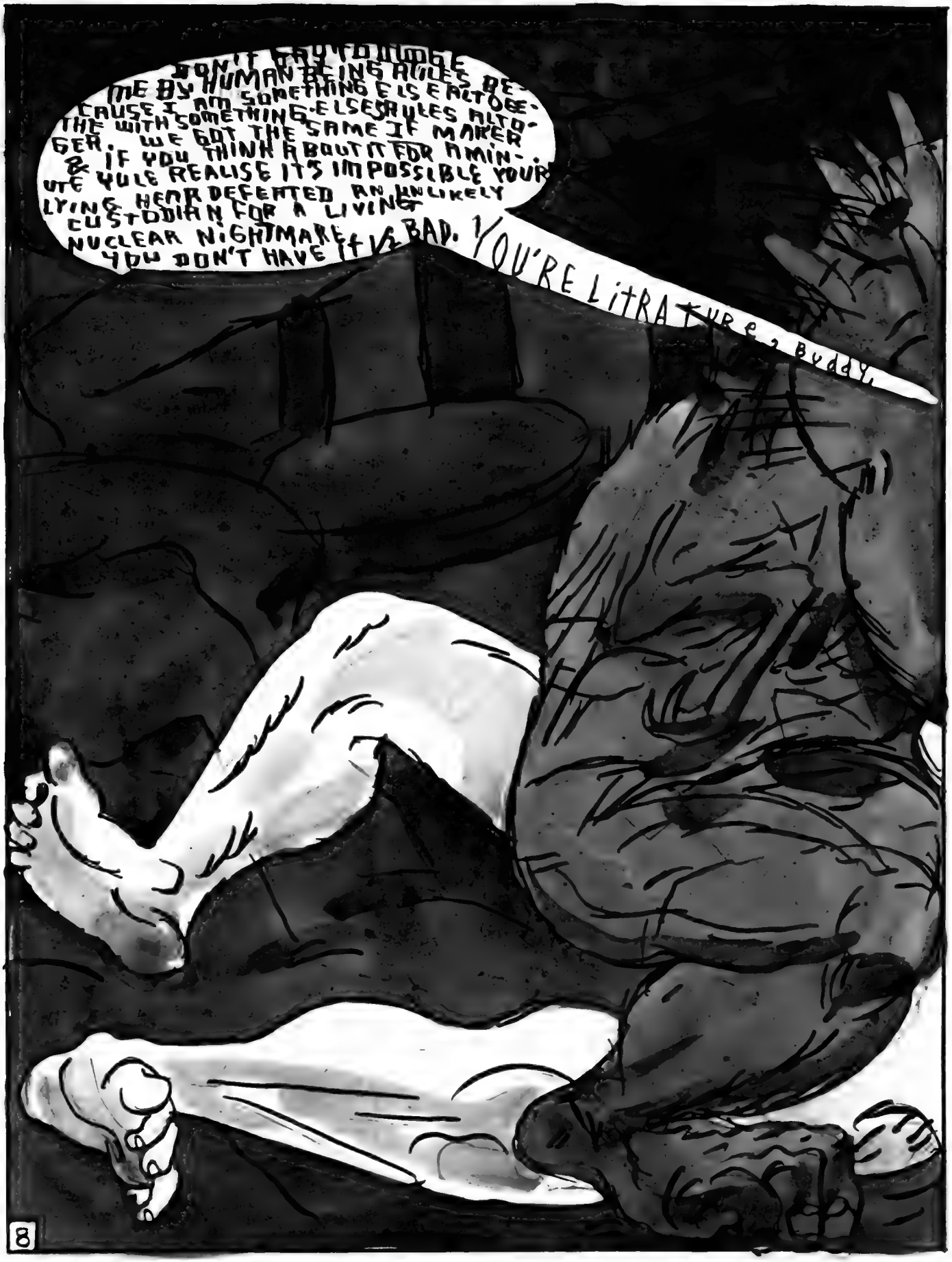
AING
I must help. EVEN ANYTHING THING... SOMETHING THAT IS ASONG AGAIST this [redacted] OF DESTRUCTION. this BLEEDING.
KANG.

?!
A!!!
AAHNG!
AAHNG!

HE SAW ONE HOUSE STANDING STILL BUT SHAKEDP AND FROM OR SEEMINGLY THROUGH IT, FROM BEHIND THE [redacted] FRONT LAME A CLANGING SQUEAKING, A CRY? A SIGNAL? JIMBO DROPPED THE BUCKET FLAT IN RAN IN, [redacted]
5

at first he thought they were monsters... then he thought they were afraid or wanted to come with him
JIMBO COULD SEE IT WAS NOT A SOUND MADE BY THE BABIES.
A A A A A A A A A
THE SOUND WAS AN OLD WHEEL SPINNING OUT BACK.
6
SAD BECAUSE IT WAS LIKE A CHEAP LITTLE SPOOK HOUSE, AN AMUSEMENT.

SMOGGO WAS KIND OF MELTED OVER THE WOMAN'S CAREASSE. JIMBO COULDN'T BELIEVE
THAT SMOGGO WAS A BEAT THE CHARRED CORPSE OF
THAT PERSON
YOU DI
PLEASE DON'T BE
HIS SMOGGO!!
7
JAN 18 1983


DON'T SAY TO HIMGE
BY HUMAN BEING RULES BE-
ME BY SOMETHING ELSE RULES ALTO-
CAUSE I AM SOMETHING ELSE
THE WITH SOMETHING SAME IF MAKER
GER. WE GOT THE SAME IF MAKER
& IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT FOR A MIN-
UTE YOU'LL REALISE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE YOUR
LYING HEAR DEFEATED AN UNLIKELY
CUSTODIAN FOR A LIVING
NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE
YOU DON'T HAVE IT
BAD. YOU'RE LITRATURE, BUDDY
8

KRAZY KAT

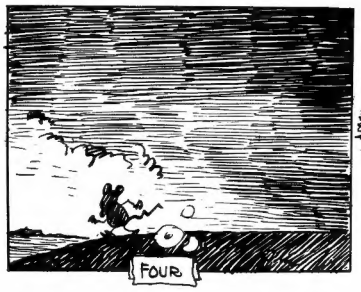
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

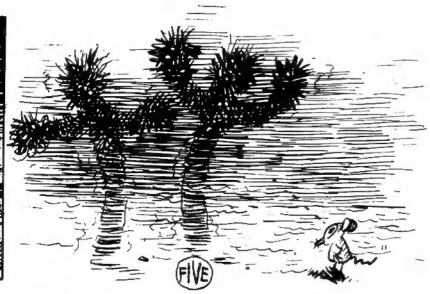
"NOON."
THE "SUN" FILLS THE DESERT WITH HEAT, AND MR. & MRS. JOSHUA" WITH SLUMBER =

"VESPERS".
THE "SUN" RETIRES, THE "HEAT WAVES" COME OUT OF THE "DESERT;" AND MR. & MRS JOSHUA" AWAKE.

"NIGHT" =
AND SO, WITH A SAND STONE MOON SWIMMING IN THE HEAT-WAVES, A RUISENOR'S CANTICLE COMING FROM THE SMOKE BUSH, DON KIYOTE" RAGGING THE SCALES" SOME WHERE, EVERY WHERE NO WHERE = WHY SHOULD NT MR. & MRS. JOSHUA" DANCE = ?.

AND NOW, WHAT WITH OUR "SCIENTIFIC PROLOGUE;" AND "MOCK DUCK'S" AFFIDAVIT, "IGNATZ MOUSE" IS NOT TO BE TOO SEVERELY CENSURED FOR "SEEING THINGS" =
NOW, GO ON WITH THE STORY =





JUST NOW THE MOON COMES UP LIKE A GOLDEN GALLEON RIDING THE WAVES OF WARMTH, DON KIYOTE" TRILLS THE OPENING BAR OF HIS OVERTURE, MR. & MRS JOSHUA" SWAY IN THE FIRST STEPS OF THEIR NOCTURNAL MINUET, AND "FEAR" LAYS A COLD CLUTCH UPON THE HEART OF "IGNATZ MOUSE" ———.

YES, SOMEBODY IS GOING A-WAY FROM HERE MUY PRONTO =

SIGNS OF AN EARLY MORNING RUSH OF BUSINESS FOR MR. KOLIN KELLY "THE BRICK MERCHANT.

From the Arthur Wood Collection. Used in the Krazy Kat exhibition at the Museum of Cartoon Art, winter '83-'84.

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*I LOVE MY MOMMY

Illustration by Jerry Moriarty, Instructor at the School of Visual Arts.

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